



FEATURING A NEW STAR... **COWBOY Sahib!**



No. 27.
FEB.

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

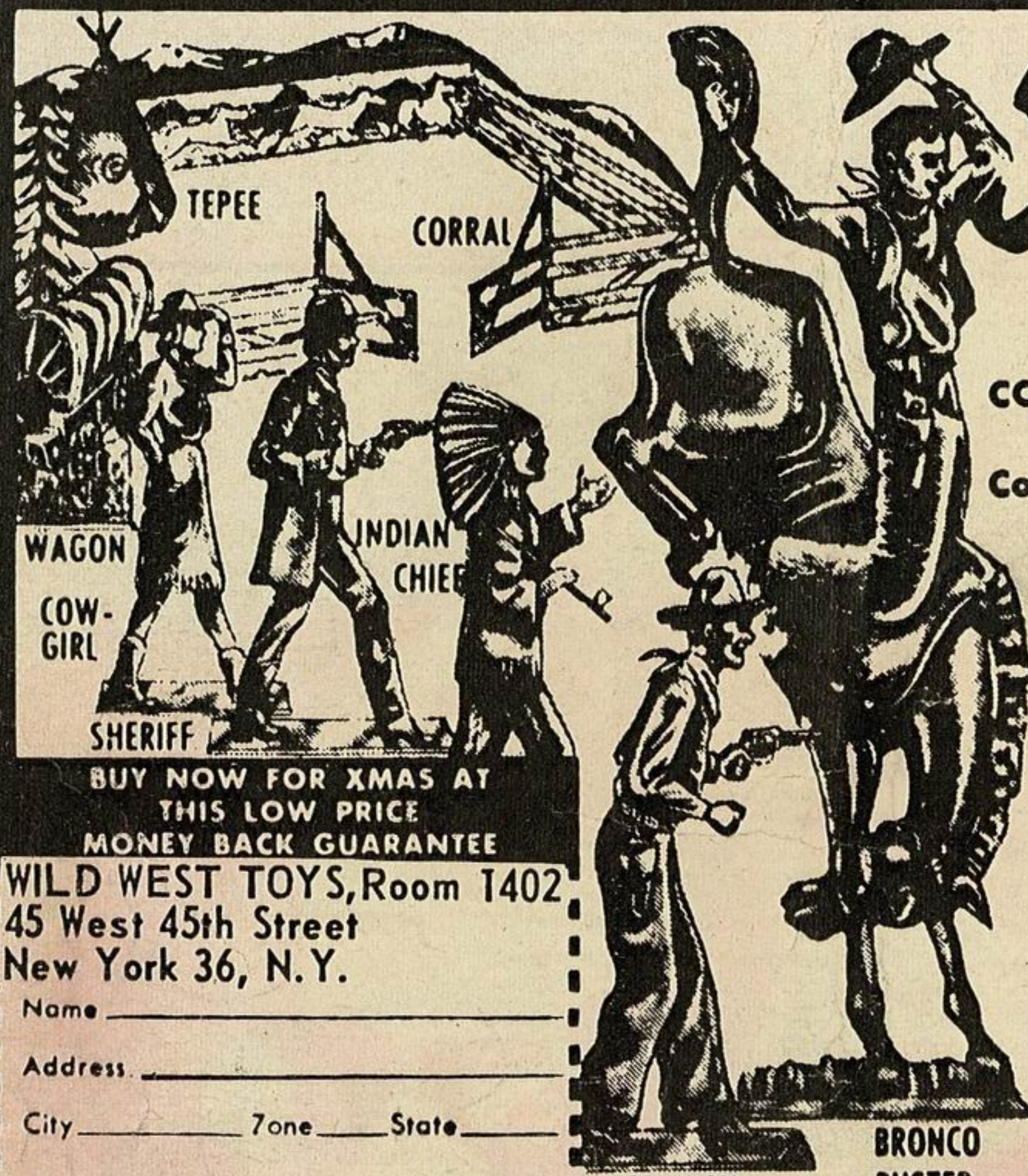
10¢

Has
COWBOY Sahib
MET HIS
MATCH IN
KONCHAK
the COSSACK?





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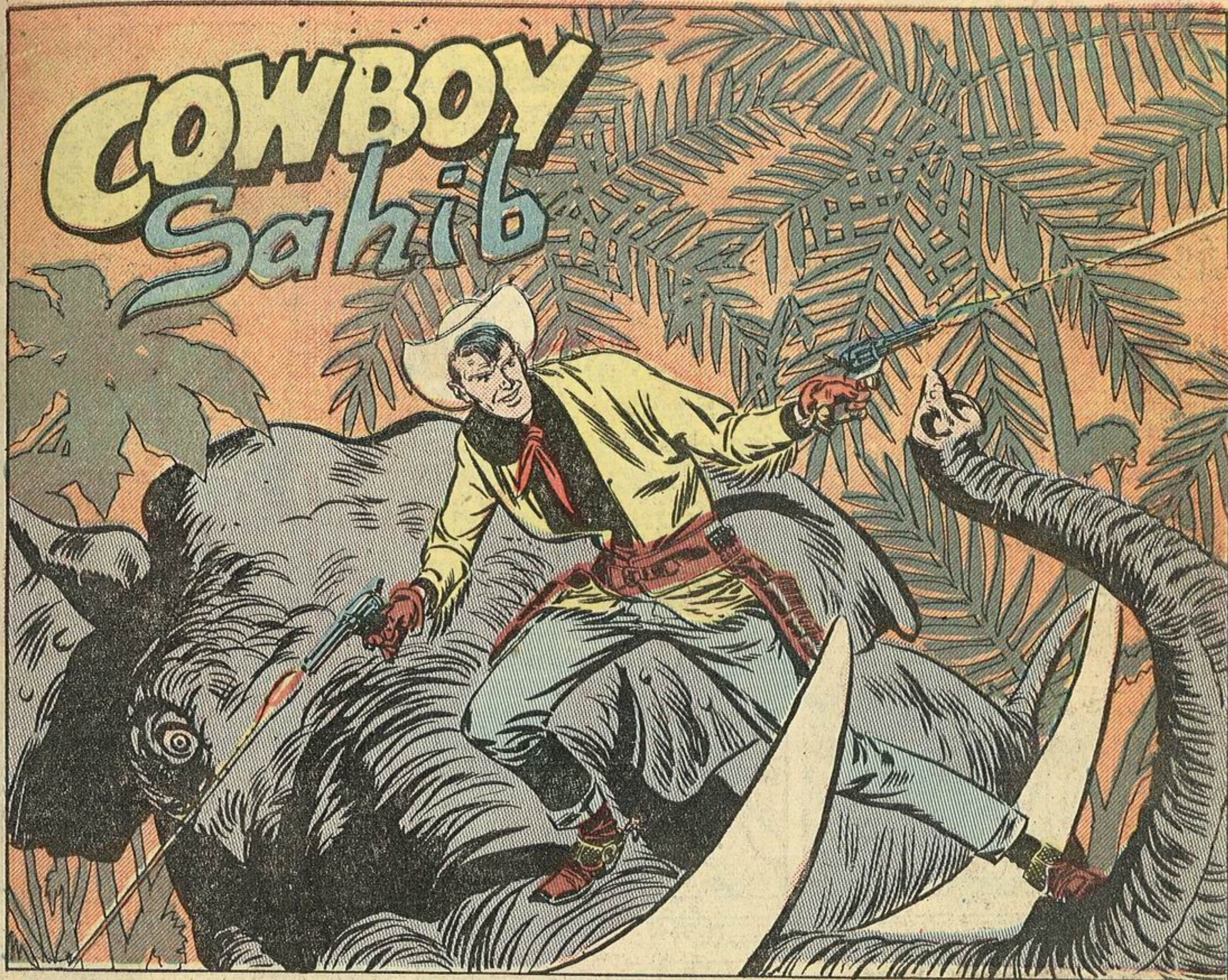


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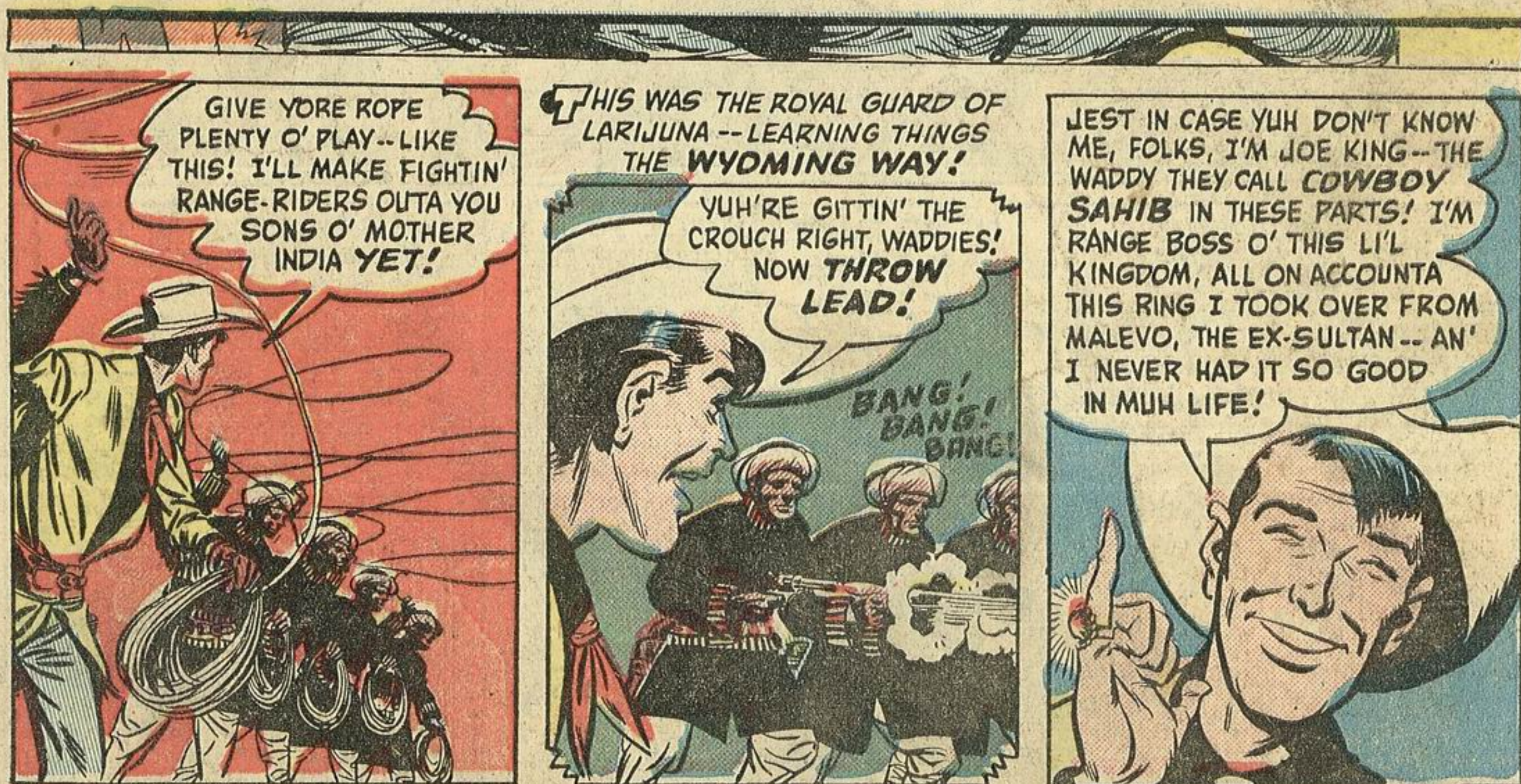
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW! MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

CIRCUS TOYS, Room 1402
45 West 45th Street
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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
Enclosed \$ _____ for _____ Sets



IT WAS FAR FROM THE RANGE, FAR FROM THE WESTERN HOMELAND THAT COWBOY **JOE KING** LOVED SO WELL! BUT HE LEARNED THAT SIX-GUNS BARKED AS LOUDLY IN THE JUNGLE — THAT AN UNERRING LARIAT AND THE KNOW-HOW OF BUSTING A BRONCO PAID OFF JUST AS MUCH IN THE BADLANDS BELOW THE EQUATOR! HERE'S A **DIFFERENT** TYPE OF WESTERN THRILLER, STARRING THAT BATTLING BUCKAROO WHOM ALL INDIA CAME TO KNOW AS -- **COWBOY SAHIB!**



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AND NOW A NEW AND MIGHTIER ALLIANCE WAS FORGED -- AGAINST COWBOY SAHIB!



THIS IS THE MOMENT I'VE AWAITED! WILL YOU REMAIN FAITHFUL TO THE MEMORY OF THIS WEAKLING -- OR FOLLOW A FIGHTER TO PLUNDER AND GLORY?

YOU WILL BE OUR NEW LEADER! WE FOLLOW KONGCHAK THE GOSSACK!

YES, KONGCHAK WAS A FIGHTER -- BUT A SHREWD PLOTTER AS WELL! HE SUMMONED HIS CHIEF SPY --

SULTAN MALEVO TOLD ME OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO HAD CAPTURED COWBOY SAHIB'S HEART! DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING OF HER?

YES -- ALMITA! EVEN NOW, SHE IS WITH HER PARENTS IN A SMALL VILLAGE SCANT MILES FROM HERE! I'LL SEE THAT SHE IS BROUGHT HERE!



THIS WAS THE MURDEROUS PLAN --

COWBOY SAHIB WILL ALLOW YOU TO ENTER HIS CITY! YOU WILL USE THIS GRENADE TO DESTROY ITS GATES, ALLOWING ME TO INVADE WITH MY MEN! IN PAYMENT, HE WILL BE HANDED OVER TO YOU, TO DO WITH AS YOU PLEASE! AND SINCE YOU HAVE SWORN THE BLOOD OATH AGAINST HIM, AS YOUR BROTHER'S SLAYER --

NEVER! WHEN I SETTLE MY SCORE WITH HIM, IT WILL BE IN THE OPEN -- WITHOUT TREACHERY!



REFUSE -- AND I'LL HANG HIM TO THE HIGHEST TREE IN LARIJUNA -- TOGETHER WITH YOUR PARENTS!

NO -- DON'T! I'LL DO IT! I PROMISE!



THE SINISTER PLOT PROGRESSED --

COWBOY -- SAHIB!

ALMITA! I'VE BEEN -- LONESOME FER YUH --



TWO DAYS PASSED WHILE ALMITA AWAITED THE APPOINTED TIME! THEN --

DON'T KNOW WHY YUH WERE SO SET ON COMIN' HERE, HONEY! BUT YUH KNOW I'D DO ANYTHIN' FER YUH!

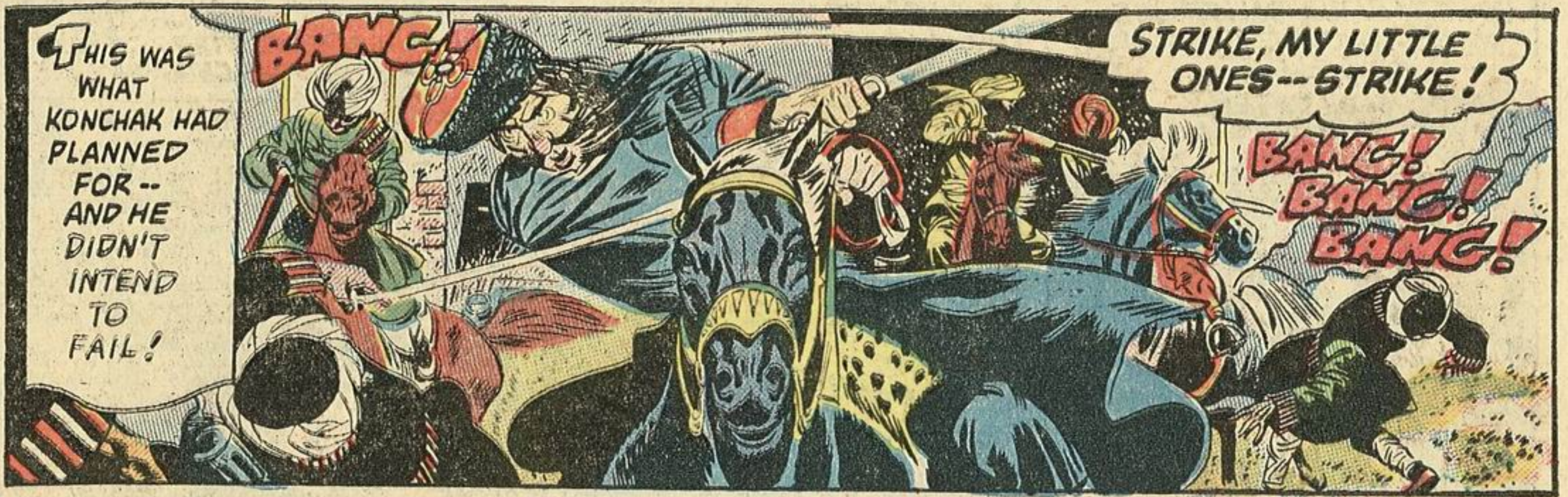
WILL YOU SAY THAT AFTER YOU SEE -- WHAT I'M DOING FOR YOU?



NEXT MOMENT --

SHE -- SHE'S BETRAYED ME! -- GUARDS! THIS WAY, FAST! -- THAR'S GONNA BE FIGHTIN' APLENTY!





THIS WAS WHAT KONCHAK HAD PLANNED FOR -- AND HE DIDN'T INTEND TO FAIL!

STRIKE, MY LITTLE ONES-- STRIKE!

BANG! BANG! BANG!



HE HAD THE WEIGHT OF NUMBERS ON HIS SIDE -- AND VICTORY DREW NEAR!

FOR COWBOY SAHIB!

FOR KONCHAK THE COSSACK!

IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, COWBOY SAHIB TRIED HIS MARKSMANSHIP --



THIS IS HOW WE DO IT BACK IN WYOMIN', WADDY!

CLANG!

CRACK!



AND THIS IS HOW WE DO IT BACK ON THE STEPPES, TOVARISCH!

BANG!



THE FIGHT HAD DRAWN TO A CLOSE NOW -- WITH KONCHAK'S FORCE TRIUMPHANT --

YUH WON -- BUT. ONLY BY NUMBERS AN' TREACHERY! YUH'RE AN ORNERY SKUNK AN' A COWARD! IF ONLY IT WERE MAN TUH MAN --

KONCHAK NEEDS NOTHING BUT HIS HANDS AGAINST SUCH AS YOU! AS YOU SAY, LET IT BE MAN TO MAN!

THUS IT BEGAN -- THAT STRUGGLE WHICH HAS BECOME ALMOST A LEGEND IN INDIA!



THE BIGGER THEY ARE -- THE HARDER THEY FALL!



HOLY SMOKE! IT HARDLY BUDGED HIM!

HO-HO!

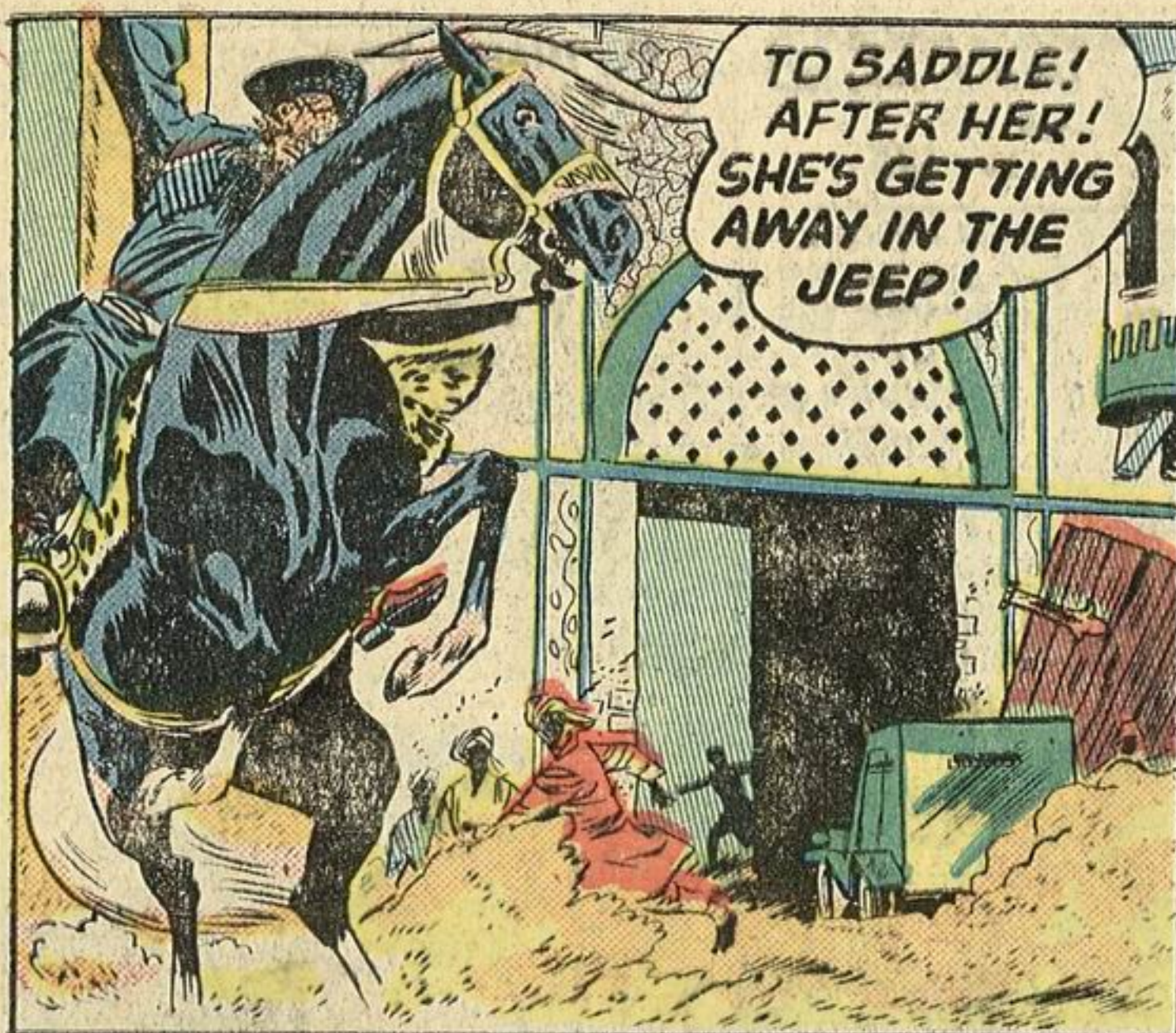
SOK!



WHAM!

UGH!





MEANWHILE, COWBOY SAHIB HAS COME TO -- AND IN HIS EYES THERE BURNS A NEW LIGHT -- THE LIGHT OF RAGE, COLD HATRED, **REVENGE!**



BUT HE HADN'T RECKONED ON THE GRATITUDE OF A PEOPLE --

NO, COWBOY SAHIB -- YOU LOST TO AN INHUMAN BRUTE, NOT A MAN! THERE AREN'T MANY OF US LEFT -- BUT **WE'RE STILL BEHIND YOU -- TO THE END!**



IT WAS A LONG AND ARDUOUS TREK, MUCH OF IT THROUGH UNINHABITED TERRITORY -- BUT A WYOMING WADDIE'S WESTERN TRAINING HELD THEM GRIMLY TO THE TRAIL! THIS WAS A **DIFFERENT COWBOY SAHIB -- STERN -- HARD -- AND DEDICATED TO VENGEANCE!**



FINALLY, BLOCKING THEIR FORWARD PROGRESS --

IT IS **M'BANO, SAHIB** -- THE MAD ELEPHANT WHO KILLS ON SIGHT -- AND THE REST OF THE HERD ALWAYS FOLLOWS HIM UNSWERVINGLY! IT WOULD NOT DO TO LET THEM CATCH SIGHT OF US!

THEY CUT US OFF JEST WHEN THE TRAIL WAS GETTIN' WARM! MATTER OF FACT, I BETTER SCOUT ON AHEAD AN' SEE IF KONCHAK'S NEAR! I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TUH SPRING ANOTHER AMBUSH!



PLEASE, COWBOY SAHIB -- TAKE CARE! YOUR LIFE WOULD BE WORTHLESS WERE YOU TO FALL INTO THE COSSACK'S HANDS!

I L'ARNED SCOUTIN' FROM AN INJUN! I KIN COME WITHIN INCHES OF 'EM, AN' THEY'LL NEVER SEE ME!



YES, COWBOY SAHIB COULD MOVE LIKE A SHADOW-- AND STRIKE LIKE AN UNSEEN NEMESIS!



THROUGH THE SPRAWLING ENCAMPMENT HE CREPT, UNSEEN-- AND UP TO THE PORTALS OF KONCHAK'S TENT... WHERE--

I SHOULD KILL YOU FOR YOUR TREACHERY AND THE CHASE YOU LED US TO RECOVER THE RING! DON'T DENY IT-- YOU LOVE HIM, DON'T YOU?

YES--EVEN THOUGH THERE CAN NEVER BE ANYTHING BETWEEN US! I HATED WHAT YOU FORCED ME TO DO-- BUT YOU WOULD HAVE KILLED MY PARENTS OTHERWISE!



AN' THAR I WAS, HATIN' HER FER WHAT SHE DID! I CAIN'T SAVE HER NOW, WITH KONCHAK'S KNIFE SO CLOSE TUH HER -- I COULDN'T GIT HER OUT OF THE CAMP, ANYWAY! BUT HOW KIN I DEFEAT KONCHAK WITH JUST A HANDFUL O' MEN -- UNLESS ... I'VE GOT IT!



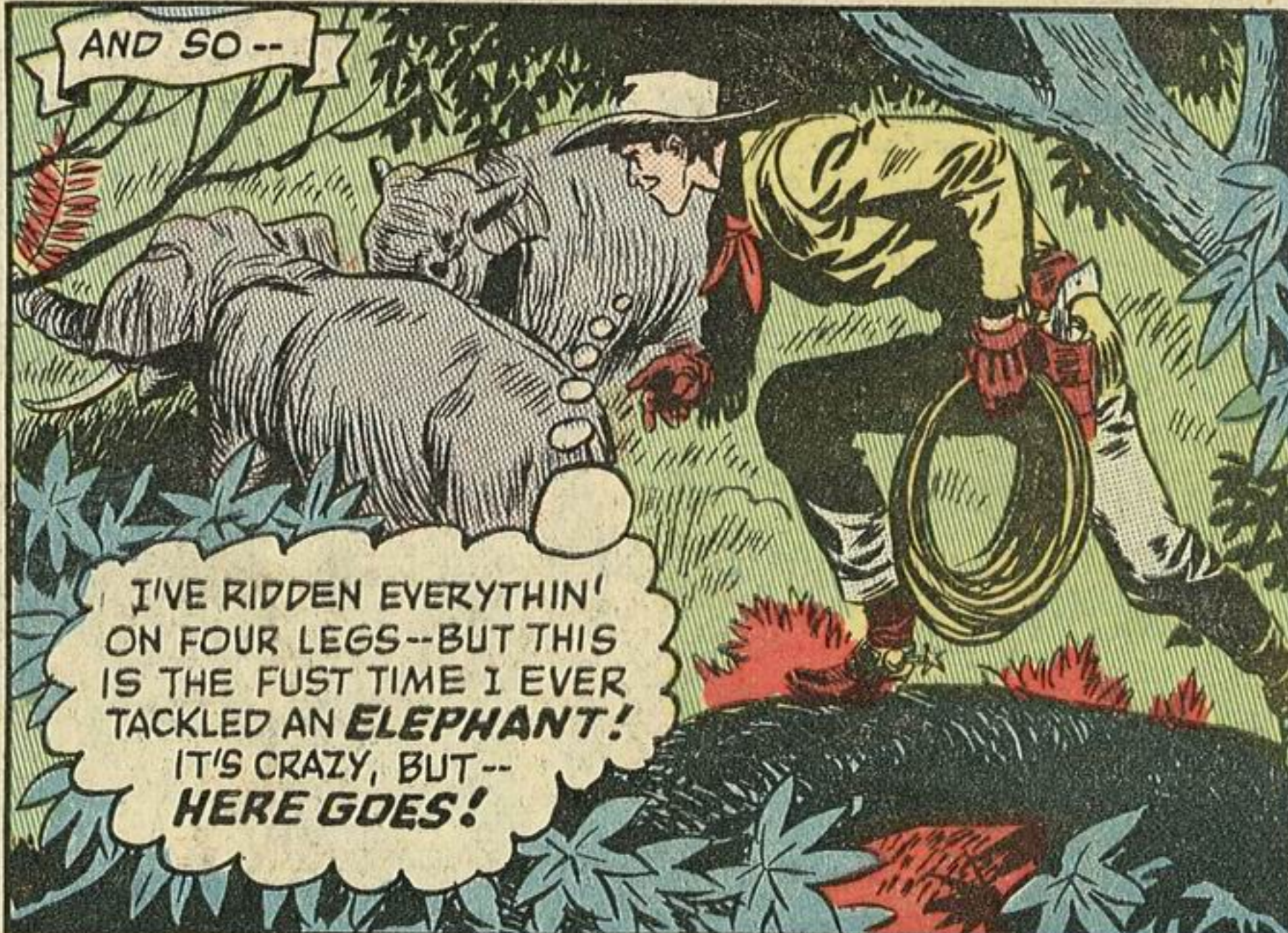
IT WAS A DARING PLAN WITH WHICH HE RETURNED TO HIS MEN--RECKLESS AND HAZARDOUS --

IT'S RIDICULOUS, SAHIB--IMPOSSIBLE! YOU WON'T EVEN LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO FAIL!

SHORE IT'S A SLIM CHANCE-- BUT IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE! AND IF I DON'T SUCCEED, I DON'T WANT TUH LIVE! ALL YUH HAVE TUH DO IF IT WORKS IS BRING UP THE REAR-- AN' MOP UP!



AND SO --



I'VE RIDDEN EVERYTHIN' ON FOUR LEGS--BUT THIS IS THE FUST TIME I EVER TACKLED AN ELEPHANT! IT'S CRAZY, BUT-- HERE GOES!

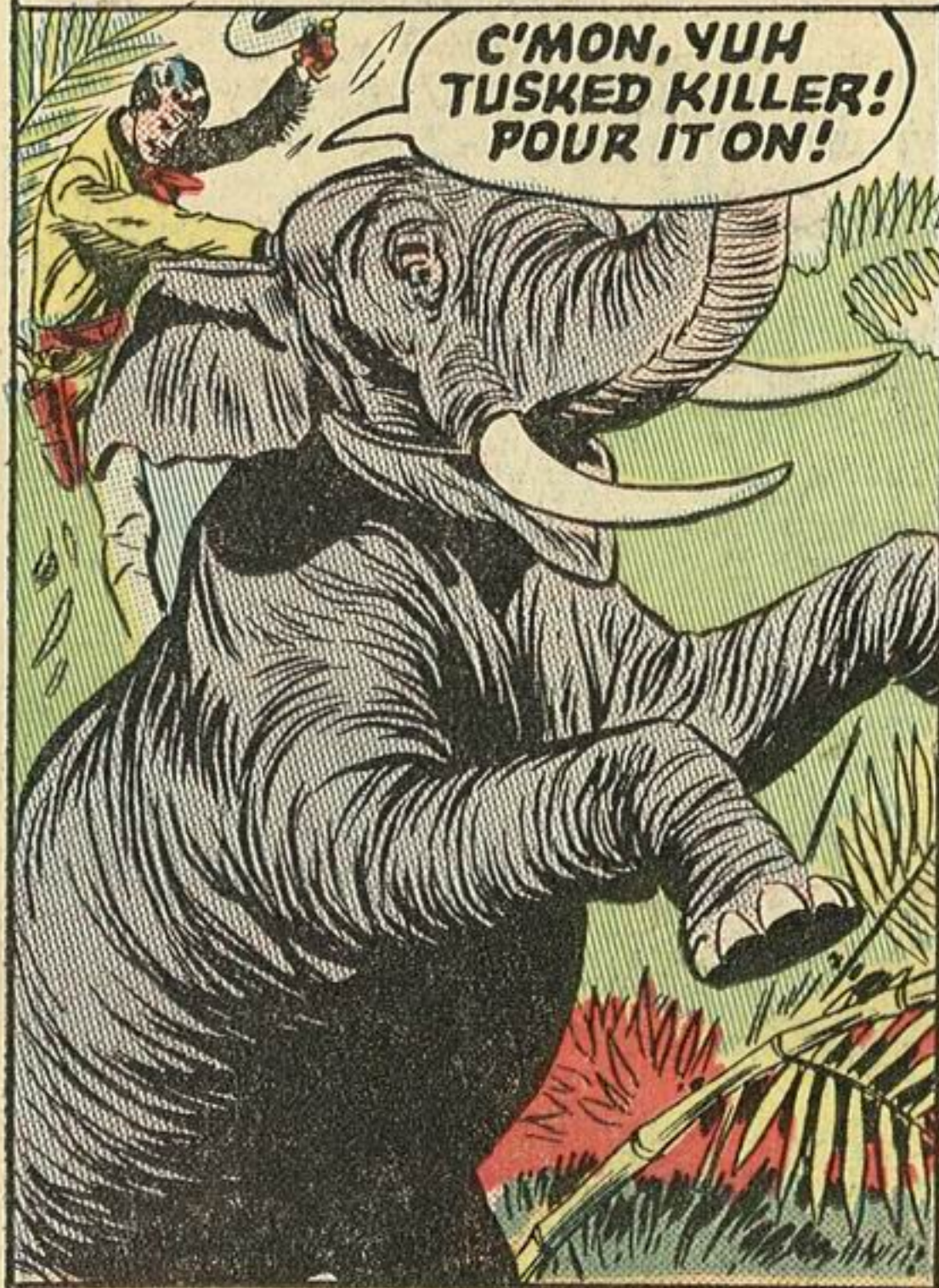
GRRUMF!



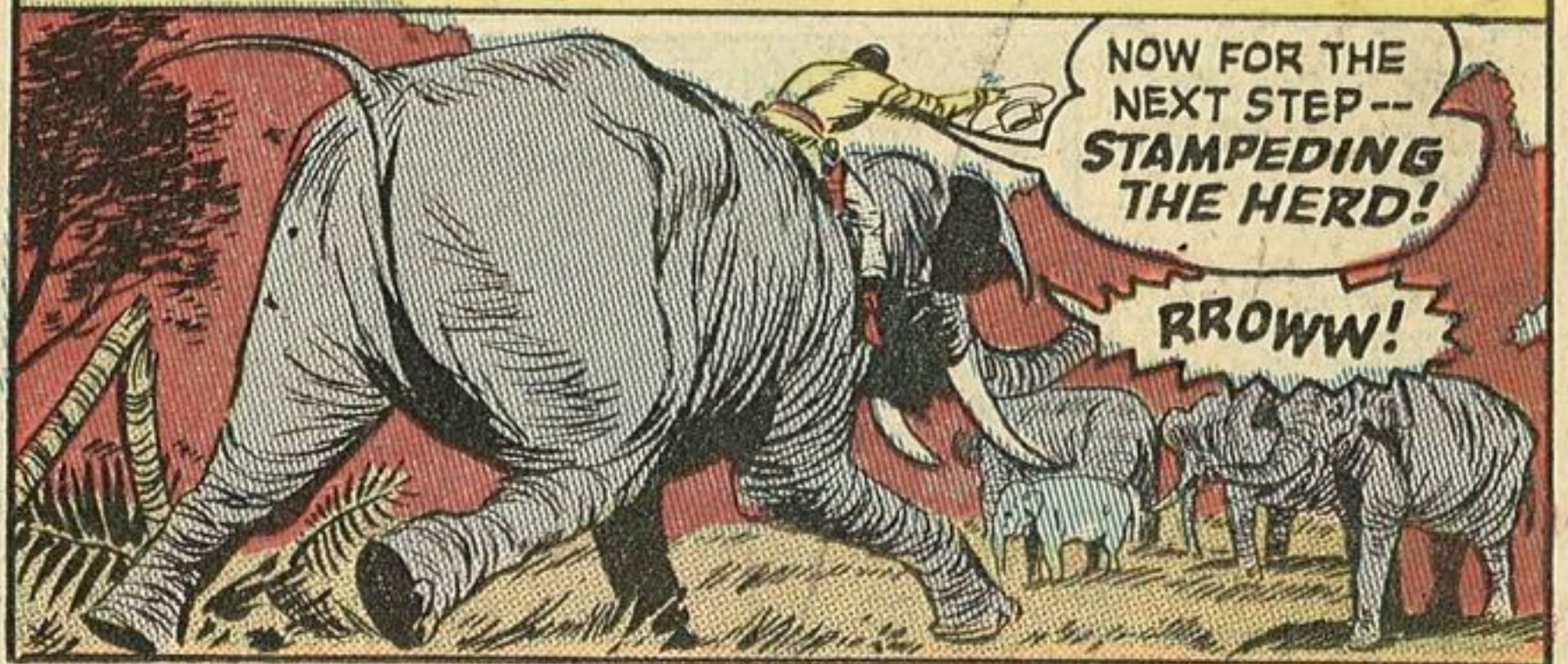
COMIN' IN FER A LANDIN' JUMBO!



NEITHER THE JUNGLES OF INDIA NOR THE WORLD ITSELF HAD EVER SEEN SUCH A SPECTACLE AS **THIS!** A MERE MAN PITTED AGAINST A TEN-TON JUGGERNAUT-- BUT THE MAN WAS **COWBOY SAHIB!**



IT WAS A CRUEL AND DIZZYING ORDEAL-- BUT THE SAVVY WHICH HAD BROKEN THE WEST'S WILDEST BRONCOS PAID OFF! M'BANO, THE MAD ELEPHANT, WAS MASTERED! THEN --



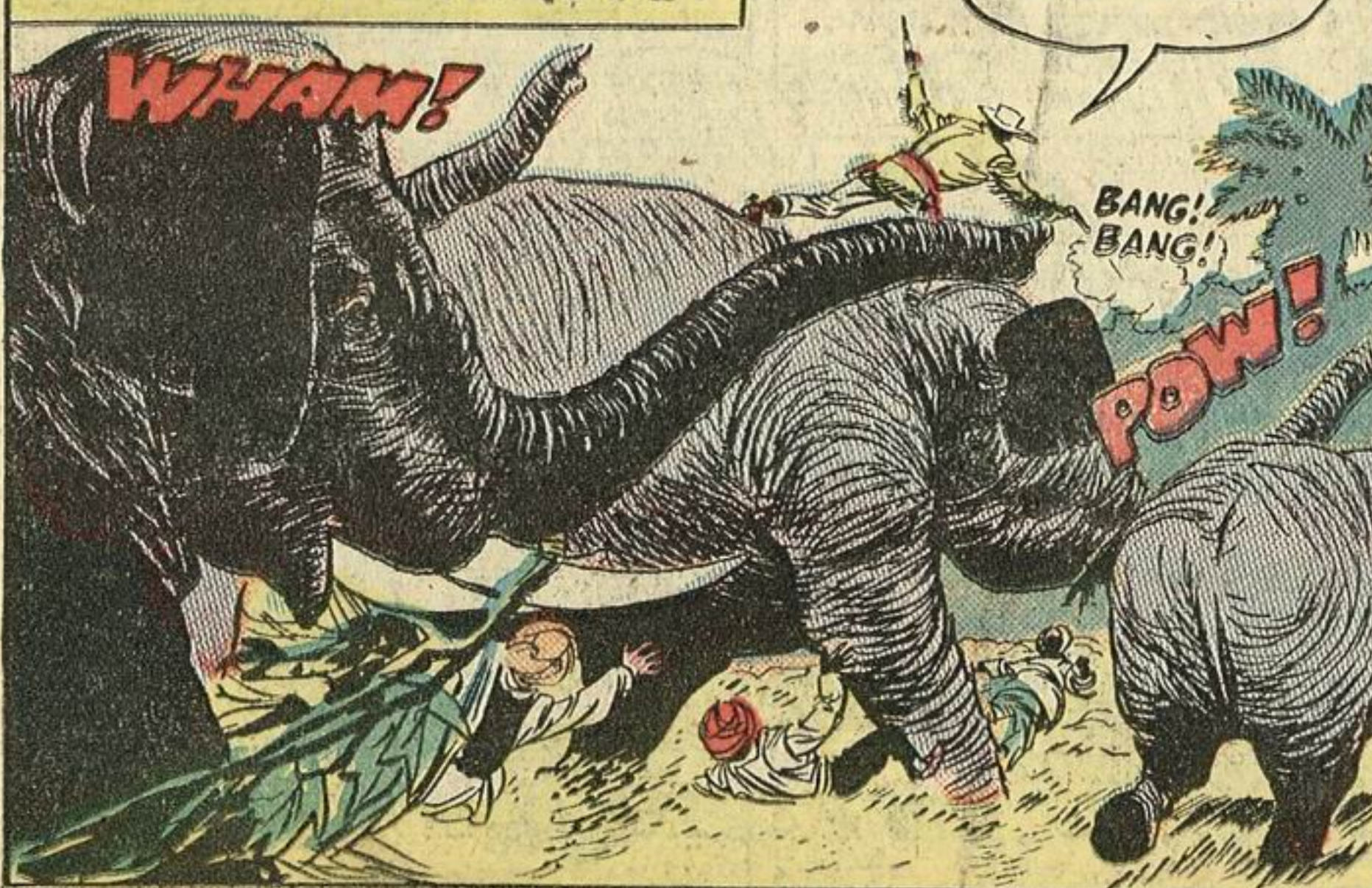
AND BACK AT THE CAMP OF KONCHAK THE COSSACK--



BUT NEXT MOMENT-- SWEEPING OUT OF THE JUNGLE LIKE A JUGGERNAUT OF DOOM --



THE HERD THUNDERED DOWN -- STRUCK LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE!



AND IN THE WAKE OF THE HERD, THE LOYAL SOLDIERS OF LARIJUNA --MOPPING UP, WESTERN FASHION!







ALMITA! KIN
'YUH EVER --
FERGIVE ME
FER DOUBTIN'
YUH?

YOU ASK THAT--
WHEN YOU'VE
SAVED ME FROM
HIM?



BUT WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM?
IS HE--?

YES--
HE'LL
NEVER GET
OUT OF
THAR
ALIVE!



BUT JEST
BEFORE HE
WENT OVER,
I TORE **THIS**
OFF HIS
HAND!

IT WAS A GREAT DAY IN LARIJUNA -- THAT DAY WHEN ITS
RIGHTFUL RULER RETURNED --



**COWBOY
SAHIB!
OUR SULTAN
RETURNS!
HOORAH!
COWBOY
SAHIB!**

IT'S -- LIKE
COMIN'
HOME
AGAIN!



BUT -- LATER --

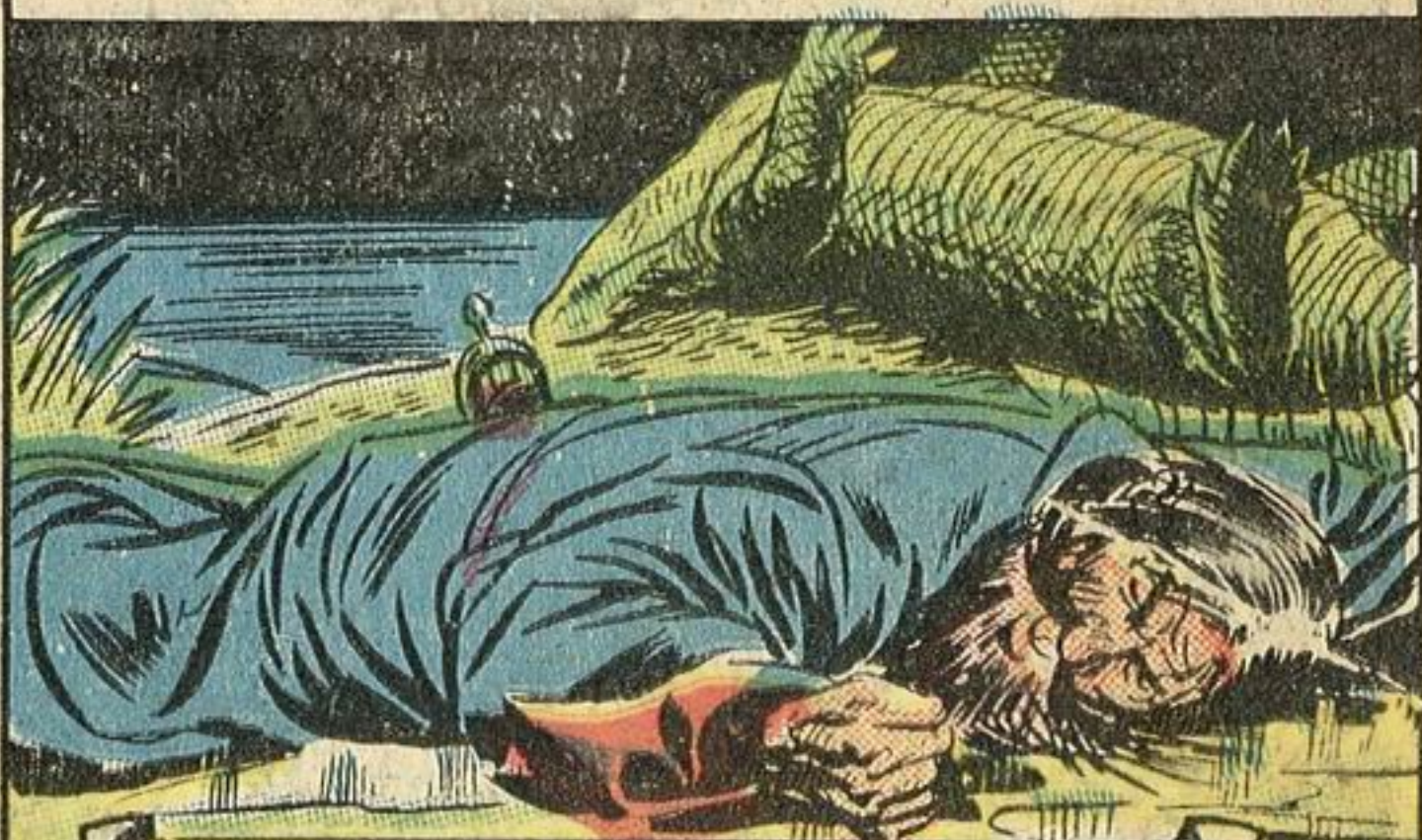
BUT--BUT I'D RECKONED
YUH WERE GONNA STAY
WITH ME, BE A SORT
O' LADY SULTAN --
AW, YUH KNOW
WHUT I MEAN,
ALMITA!

NO, IT -- CAN
NEVER BE!
MY BROTHER'S
BLOOD LIES
BETWEEN US!
BETTER THAT
I LEAVE NOW,
WITH THIS MOMENT
A TREASURED
MEMORY FOR
BOTH OF US --
FOREVER!



THIS IS --
GOODBYE!

BUT -- WAS IT GOODBYE? FOR EVEN THEN, FATE
WAS MOVING TOWARDS A STRANGE MEETING --
TOWARDS VIOLENCE, BLOODSHED! AND A
MONSTER MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED FROM DEATH
DREAMED DREAMS OF CONQUEST -- **REVENGE!**



A THRILLING "**COWBOY SAHIB**"
ADVENTURE -- NEXT ISSUE!

**The
END**

11

FAST MAIL

RUDD SMILEY DREW his pistol as hoofbeats approached down the road. Then, over the rise, the small post-wagon appeared, drawn at a smart clip by two fast horses. On the buckboard sat the driver, oblivious of the bead being drawn on him.

BANG!

Rudd was on the road even before the corpse hit the ground. He dragged the horses to a halt and hobbled them before turning to the business of getting the corpse off the road. A wallet in its pocket told its identity. Joe Carson, mail rider for the six-town route beginning with Highbrook and ending with Snakeville.

Rudd Smiley grinned. His plan was working fine. At least two posses were out for him down around Highbrook. But there was a hundred and fifty miles between Highbrook and Snakeville. And Snakeville had a post-office where thousands of dollars were kept in the till to cover big mail-order drafts the Snakeville gold miners bought to send East. He wanted to case the post-office safe before he blew it. And the best way to do that was to get behind the barred windows in the ordinary course of the day and look the safe over. "So," he thought, chuckling, "I'll be Joe Carson!" Of course, he couldn't pose as Joe. But he could say that Joe had been taken ill at Highbrook and that he'd volunteered to bring the mail in. The mere possession of the mail in good order would prove that. And he was dead sure no one in Snakeville had ever heard of him. Not yet, anyway.

He glanced over the mail, noted it was mainly small fry stuff, circulars, personals and the like. He stuffed it back in the pouch, climbed aboard the wagon and set off for Snakeville.

An hour later he drew rein in front of the post-office there and went in. The postmaster listened to his story and nodded.

"You can stay overnight in town and take our mail back in the morning to Highbrook, Mr. Hammill," the postmaster said, using the name Rudd Smiley had given him. "Stick around. I'm closing in a short while, and I'll get you a room at the local hotel."

"Thanks," Rudd said, grinning secretly. He knew that by morning he'd be gone...with the contents of the post-office safe. His eyes roved innocently over it, as it squatted in a corner. The safe was big, big enough to hold plenty, but not too big to crack.

He turned, having seen enough, and looked out the window, humming a tune. A few moments passed, with the post-office silent except for the rustle of mail the postmaster was handling. Then, as Rudd heard the click of a gun hammer behind him, he whirled. He saw the postmaster holding an ugly .45 on him and holding up an unfolded poster.

"This just came in the mail, addressed to me as postmaster," he said grimly. "I'm supposed to hang it up here in the office." He glanced at it again, then turned it so Rudd could see it.

"I don't know if your name is Rudd Smiley, pardner," the postmaster said. "Or if you're wanted for past mail-robbery like this poster says. But this sure is your picture. I reckon we'll have to find out what's what. You goin' to the Sheriff quiet-like?"

Rudd slowly nodded, looking at the levelled gun. He'd go quiet-like...and doomed, too, by mail he himself had brought!



9th NEW...

IT'S SPINE-TINGLING ...IT'S Different!

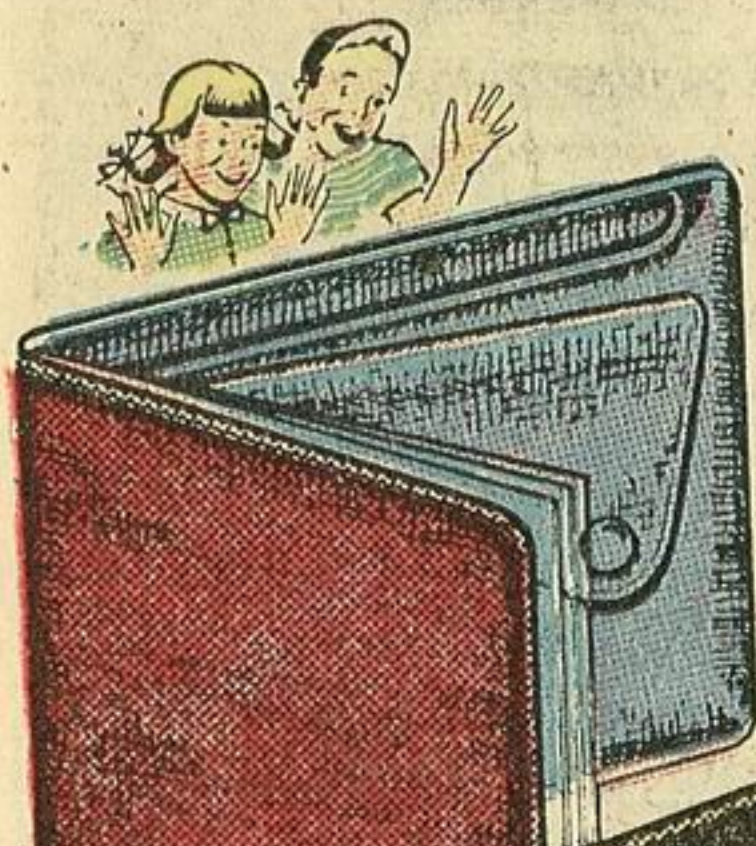
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in **SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL**

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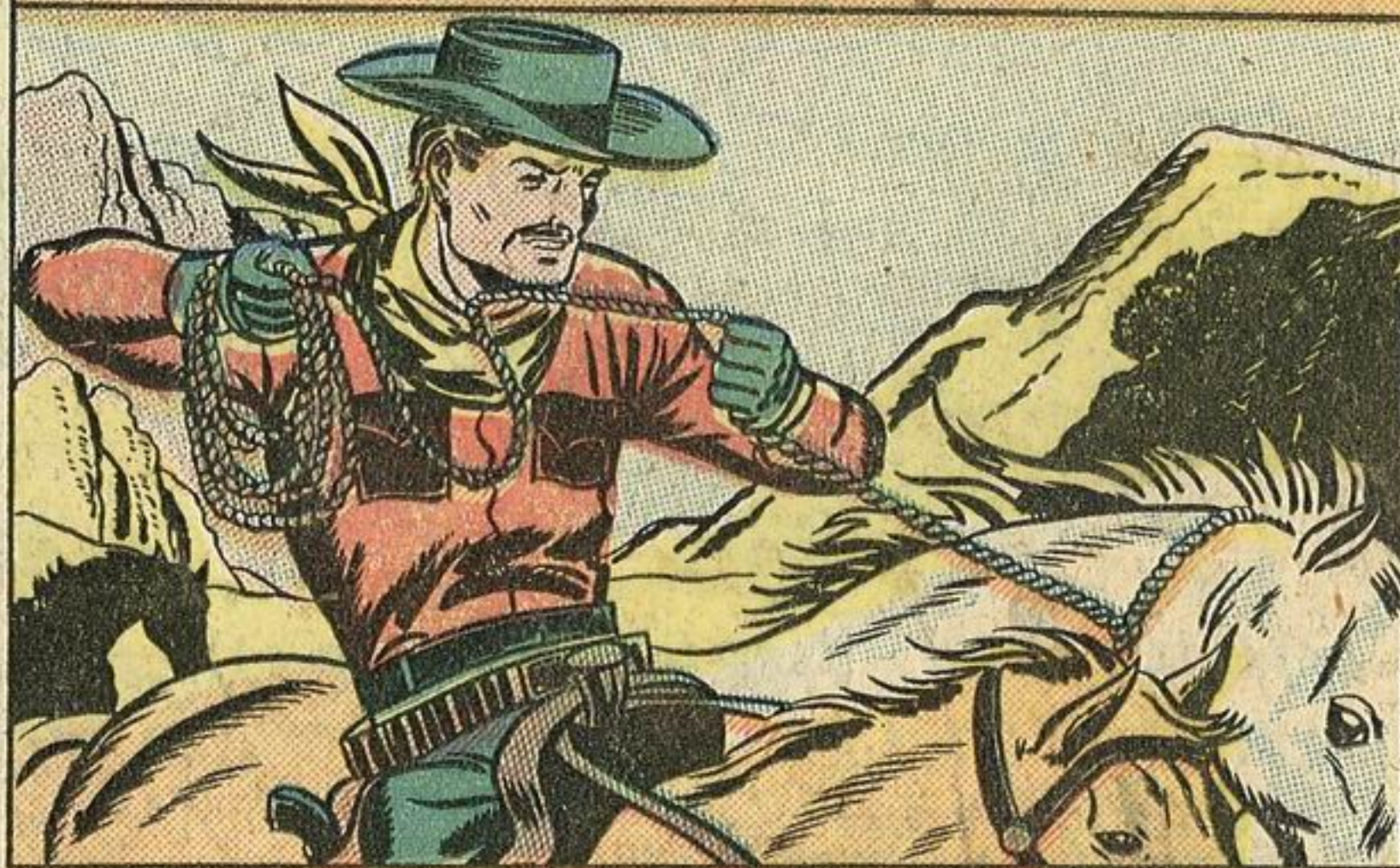
NOTORIOUS **WESTERN OUTLAWS**

DUTCH HENRY

HENRY BORNE, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS DUTCH HENRY, BECAME ONE OF THE WILD WEST'S MOST NOTORIOUS OUTLAWS...AFTER HAVING LEARNED HORSEMANSHIP AND MARKSMANSHIP AS A TROOPER IN CUSTER'S CAVALRY IN THE 1860'S!



BUT HIS LOVE OF FINE HORSES AND DESIRE FOR EASY MONEY SOON TURNED HENRY INTO AN OUTLAW...AND HIS FIRST COUP WAS RUNNING OFF 20 GOVERNMENT HORSES FROM FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS!



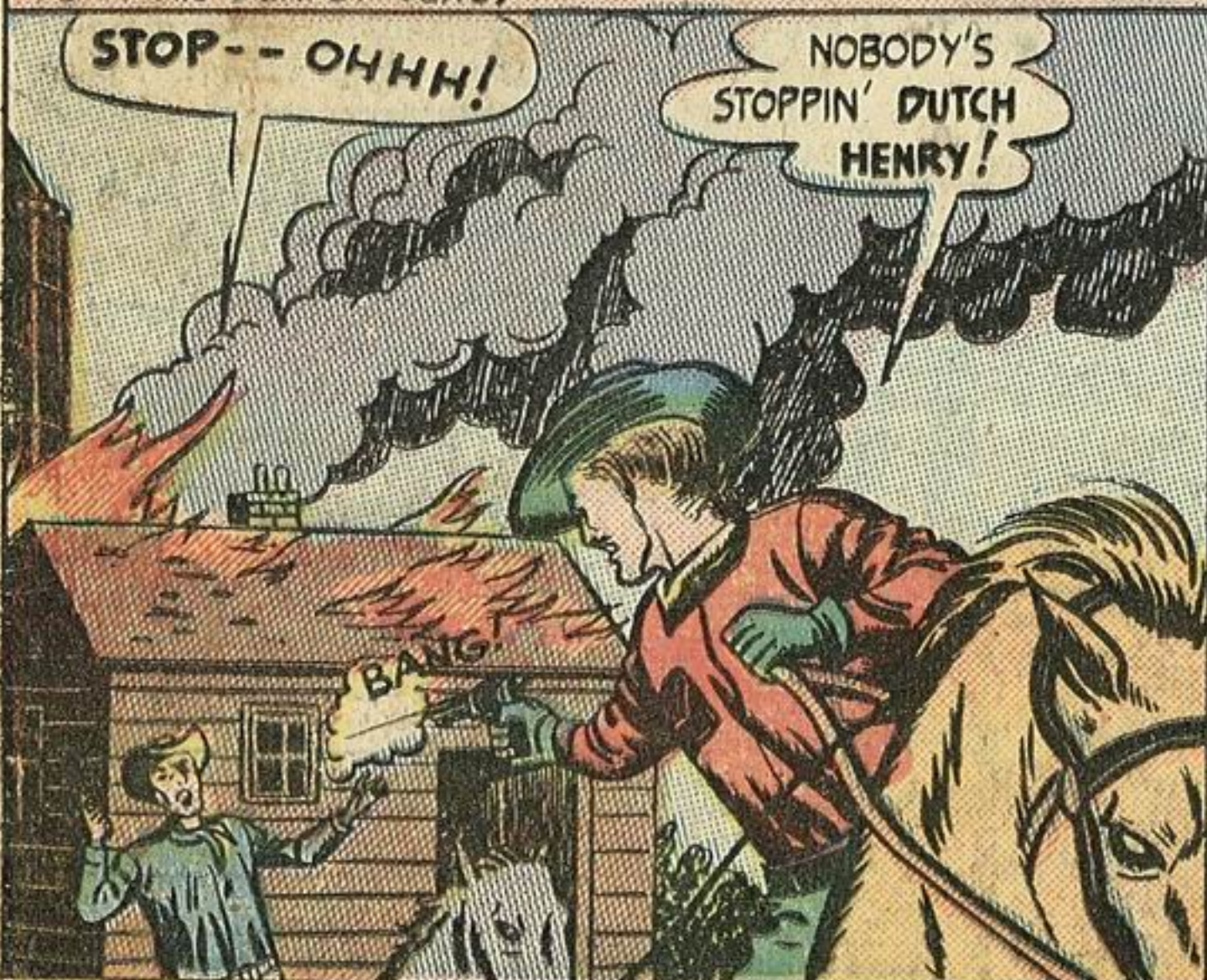
HENRY WAS CAUGHT AND SENTENCED TO A TERM AT HARD LABOR...BUT AFTER THREE MONTHS HE ESCAPED...ON A HORSE!



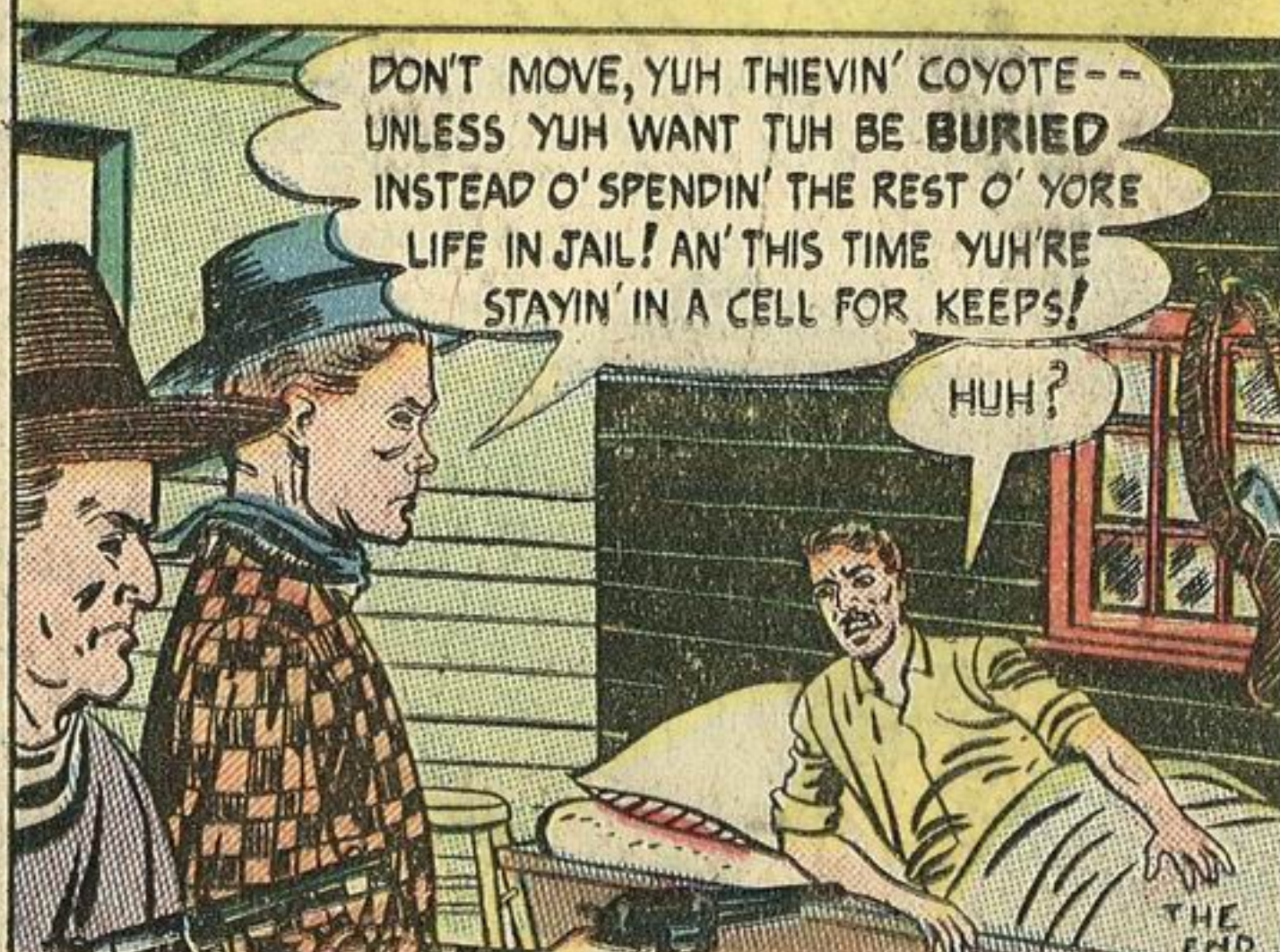
DUTCH HENRY'S EXPLOITS IN OUTLAWRY SOON GAINED HIM LEADERSHIP OF A BAND OF 300 HORSE-THIEVES!



ALL THROUGH THE WEST, RANCHERS BEGAN TO HATE THE NAME OF THE ARCH HORSETHIEF, DUTCH HENRY, AND TO FEAR HIS DEADLY GUNS!

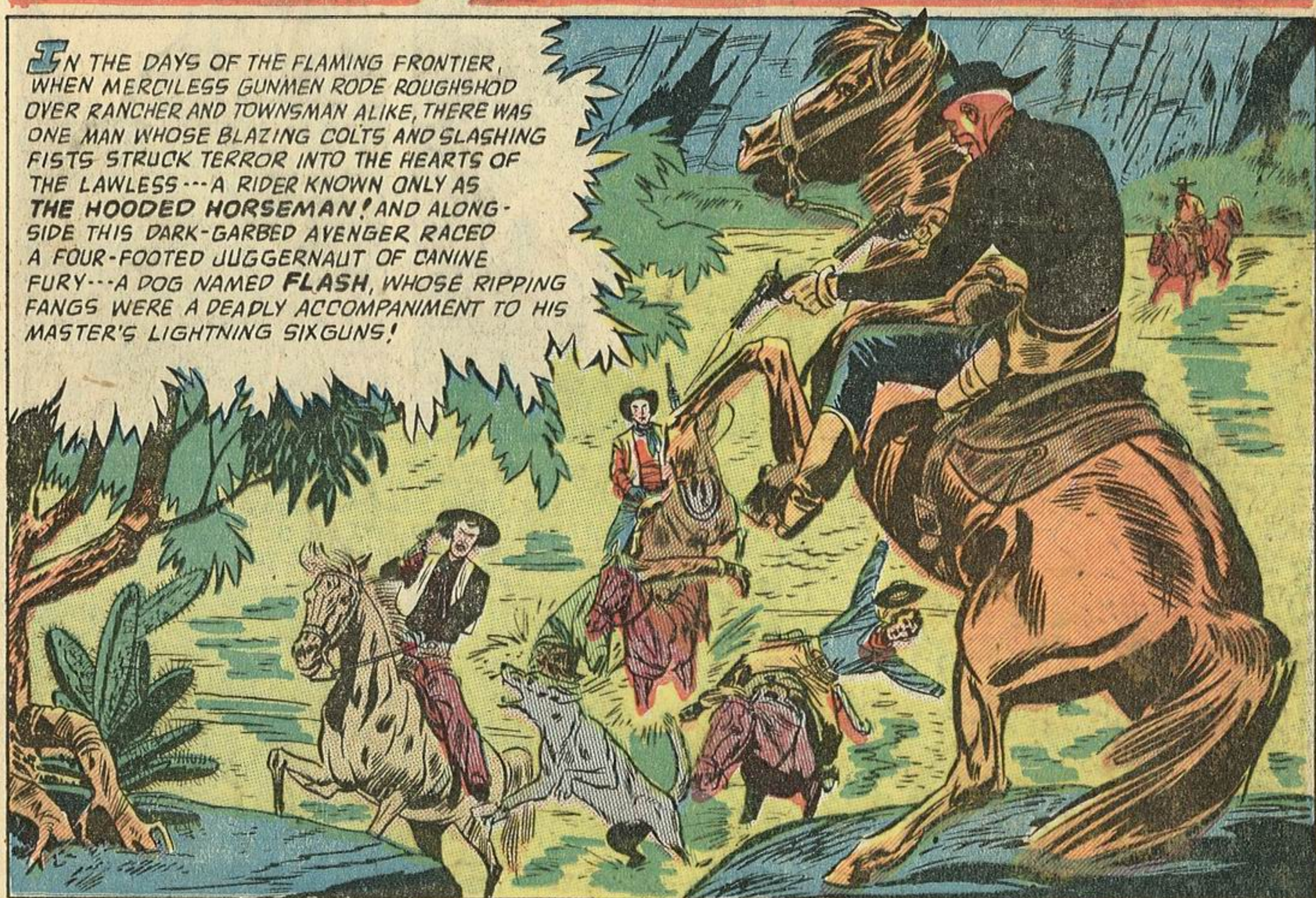


BUT THE NOTORIOUS OUTLAW WAS FINALLY STOPPED FOR GOOD BY UNITED STATES MARSHAL WILCOX OF COLORADO AND DEPUTY MARSHAL JONES OF KANSAS...WHO SURPRISED DUTCH HENRY IN A ROOM AT THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL IN PUEBLO!



The HOODED HORSEMAN

IN THE DAYS OF THE FLAMING FRONTIER, WHEN MERCILESS GUNMEN RODE ROUGHSHOD OVER RANCHER AND TOWNSMAN ALIKE, THERE WAS ONE MAN WHOSE BLAZING COLTS AND SLASHING FISTS STRUCK TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE LAWLESS... A RIDER KNOWN ONLY AS **THE HOODED HORSEMAN**! AND ALONG-SIDE THIS DARK-GARBED AVENGER RACED A FOUR-FOOTED JUGGERNAUT OF CANINE FURY... A DOG NAMED **FLASH**, WHOSE RIPPING FANGS WERE A DEADLY ACCOMPANIMENT TO HIS MASTER'S LIGHTNING SIXGUNS!



AS BUD FRASER RODE A TEXAS TRAIL...

HEY, MISTER... ARE YUH THE **HOODED HORSEMAN**?

HUH?
ER... NO, I'M NOT... BUT WHY DO YUH ASK, SON?

'CUZ YUH GOT A DAWG THAT LOOKS JEST LIKE HIS IS SUPPOSED TUH... AN' 'CUZ EVERYONE AROUND HERE IS **EXPECTIN'** THE HOODED HORSEMAN TUH SHOW UP! SUE BAXTER OF THE BAR B PUT AN AD IN THE PAPERS ASKIN' HIM TUH COME AN' HELP HER... BUT IF YUH'RE **NOT** HIM, YUH BETTER STAY AWAY FROM THE BAR B! ANY RIDER WHO SHOWS UP THAR WITH A DAWG IS LIABLE TUH BE **BUSHWHACKED!**

THANKS FER THE ADVICE, SON! IF YUH'LL TELL ME WHICH WAY THE BAR B RANCH IS, I'LL... ER... MAKE SHORE TUH STAY CLEAN AWAY!

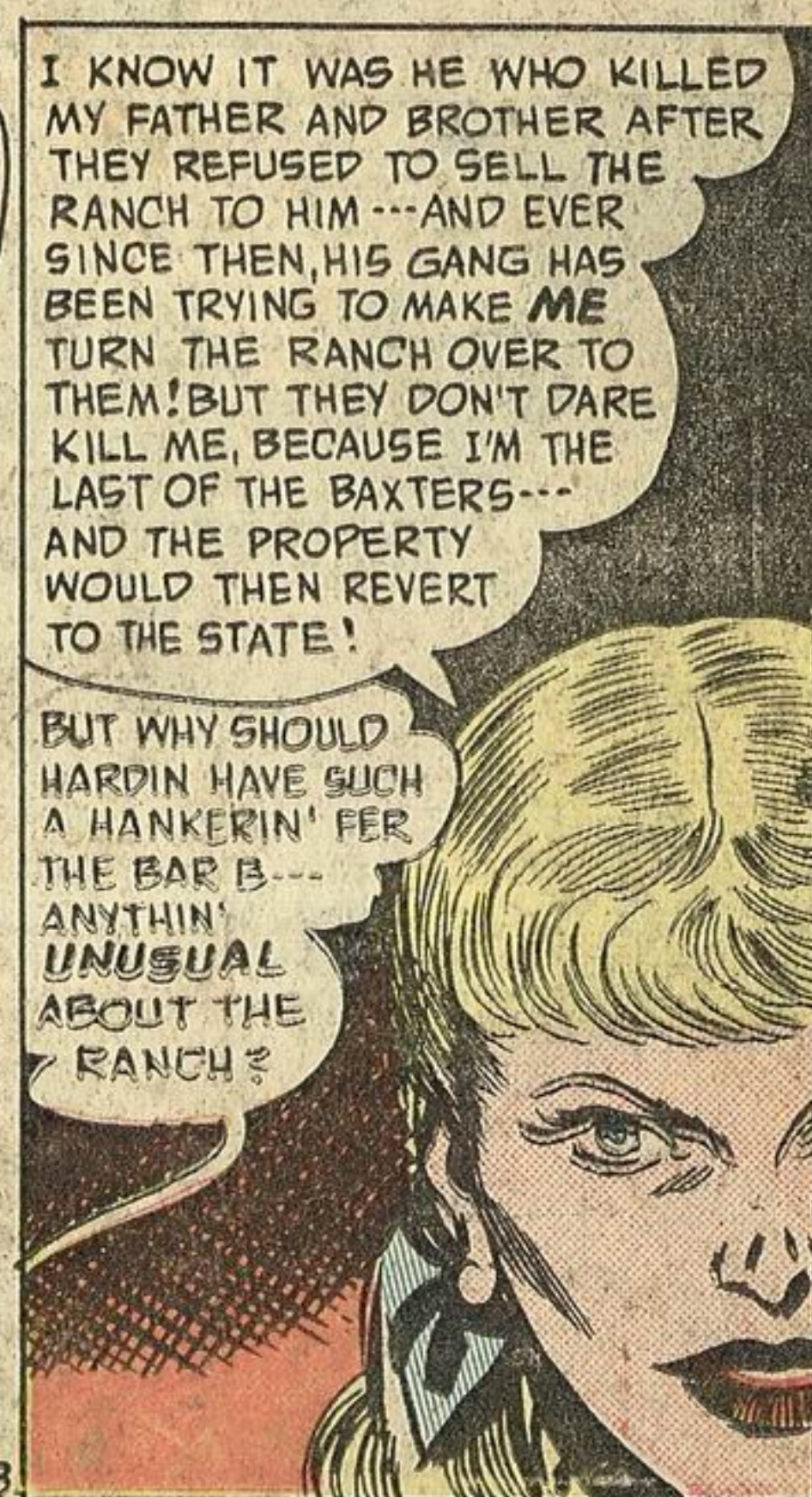
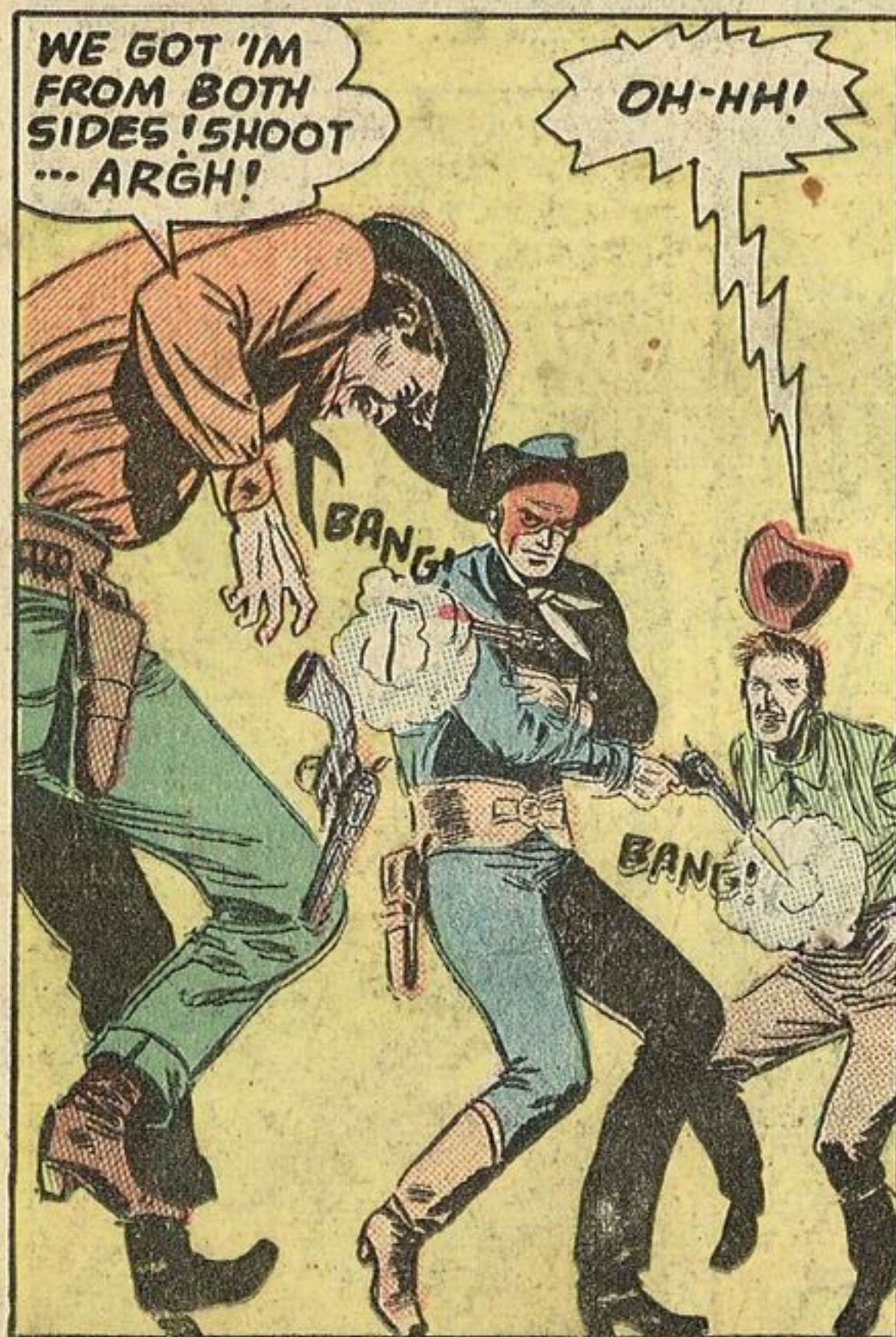


IT'S DUE SOUTH O' HERE... RIGHT ON THE RIO GRANDE!

BAR B RANCH... **HERE I COME!**







WHY, NO---IT'S JUST ONE OF MANY ON THE RIO GRANDE, ALTHOUGH THE RIVER **IS** AT ITS NARROWEST ON MY PROPERTY! AND HARDIN CERTAINLY CAN'T WANT MY CATTLE---BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL DYING MYSTERIOUSLY IN DROVES!

DYING? LET'S SEE YORE CATTLE, MISS BAXTER!

SIMMERIN' SAGEBRUSH---IT'S THE **HOOF AN' MOUTH DISEASE**... THE DEADLIEST, MOST CONTAGIOUS CATTLE DISEASE KNOWN! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER HARDIN HAS ANYTHIN' TUH DO WITH THIS, BUT I **AIM TUH FIND OUT!**... TELL ME ALL YUH CAN ABOUT THAT POLECAT, MA'AM!

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE HE AND HIS GANG HAVE THEIR HEADQUARTERS---BUT HE DOES HAVE A GIRLFRIEND NAMED LILA WHO LIVES JUST OUTSIDE OF LAREDO! HARDIN DOESN'T USUALLY COME AROUND TO BOTHER ME ON SATURDAY EVENINGS---SO I GUESS THAT'S WHEN HE VISITS **HER!**

HMM---THIS IS SATURDAY! WELL---I'LL BE SEEIN' YUH, SUE!

OUTSIDE OF LAREDO...

NO, FLASH, YUH CAIN'T GO INTUH TOWN WITH ME---BECAUSE I'M NOT TRAVELIN' AS THE HOODED HORSEMAN NOW, AN' YUH'D GIVE ME AWAY! JEST STAY HIDDEN HERE TILL I NEED YUH!

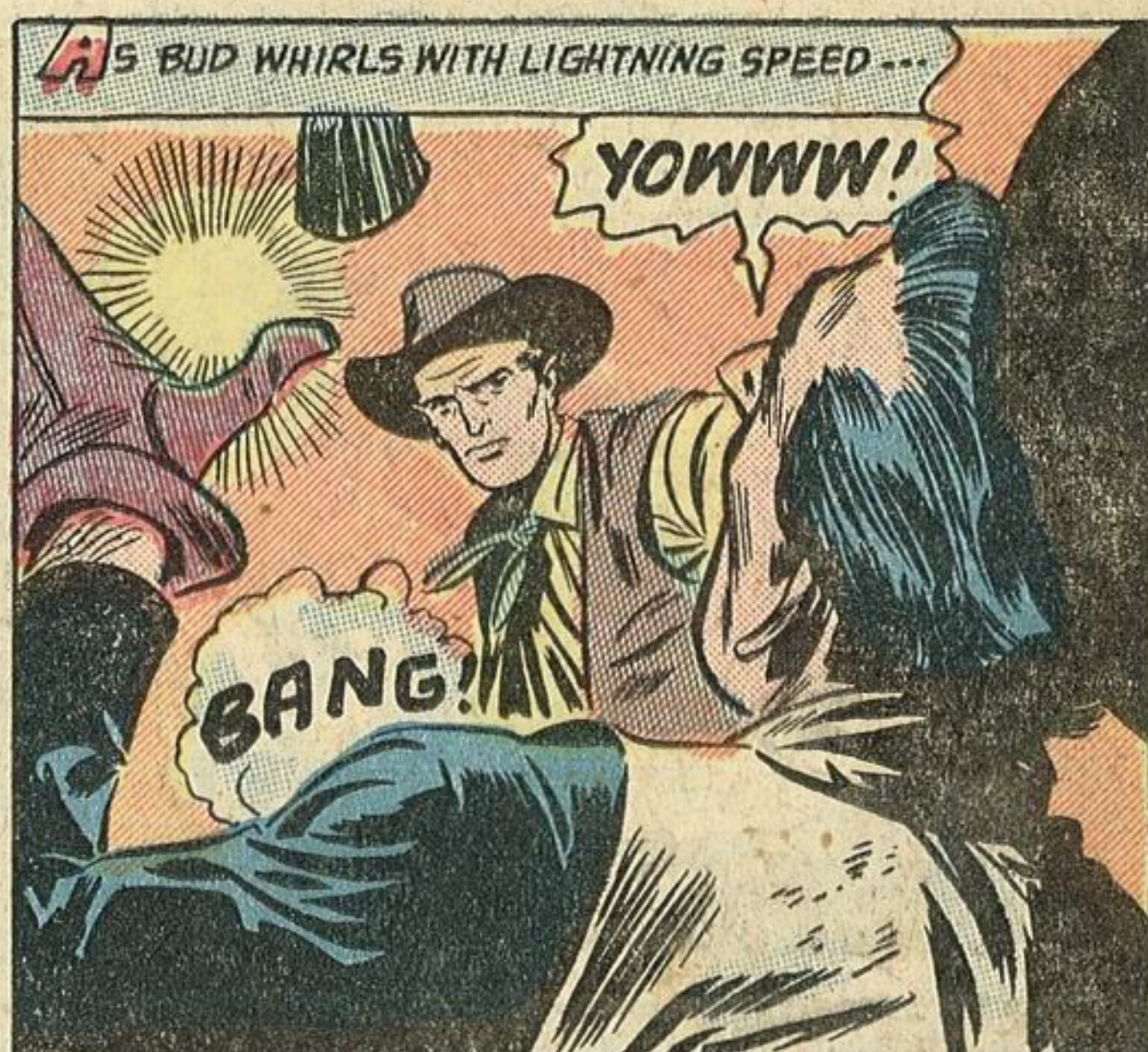
SO THAT'S LILA! LUCKY I GOT HERE BEFORE HARDIN!

THIS IS A **HOLDUP** SISTER! I'M AN OUT-LAW WITH A PRICE ON MUH HEAD, SO YUH'D BETTER DO AS I SAY---**FAST!** FUST, FORK OVER ALL YORE MONEY AN' JEWELS!

OH HH! I---I DON'T DARE GIVE YUH THE JEWELS GIL HARDIN GAVE ME! YUH---YUH'D BETTER GIT BEFORE HE COMES---I'M EXPECTIN' HIM ANY MINUTE!

BUD FRASER AIN'T AFEARED OF ANY MAN---AN' HE KNOWS A PURTY GAL WHEN HE SEES ONE! **C'MERE!**

NO... STOP!



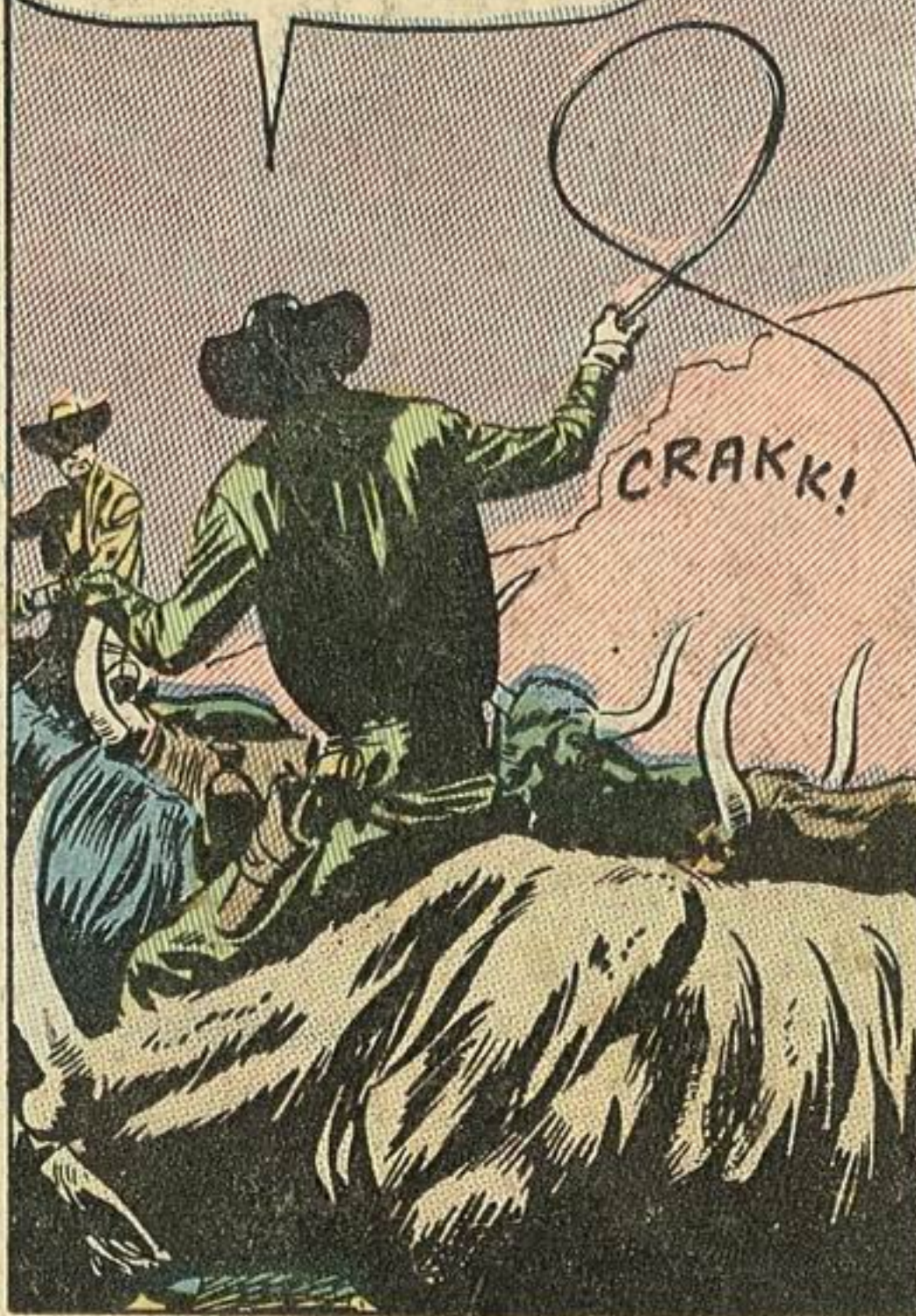


ON THE MEXICAN SIDE OF THE RIO GRANDE---

THAR'S THE SIGNAL LIGHT FROM HARDIN ON THE U.S. SIDE! RECKON I'D BETTER PUT THIS DYNAMITE TUH WORK---I KIN ALREADY HEAR THE CATTLE STARTIN' OUT OF THE CANYON!



YAHOO! GIT ALONG THAR, YUH BLASTED CRITTERS!



AS THE HERD NEARS THE MOUTH OF THE CANYON---



THE TERRIFIED CATTLE TURN FROM THE EXPLOSION AND STAMPEDE MADLY TOWARD THE REAR!

RUN... BEFORE THEY... AARGHHH!



THAR---THAR WERE EIGHT OF US BEFORE, AN' NOW---

ALL TRAMPLED TUH DEATH---EXCEPT US!



MEBBE YUH ESCAPED ONE KIND O' DEATH, YUH SIDEWINDERS--- BUT NOW GIT READY FER ANOTHER!

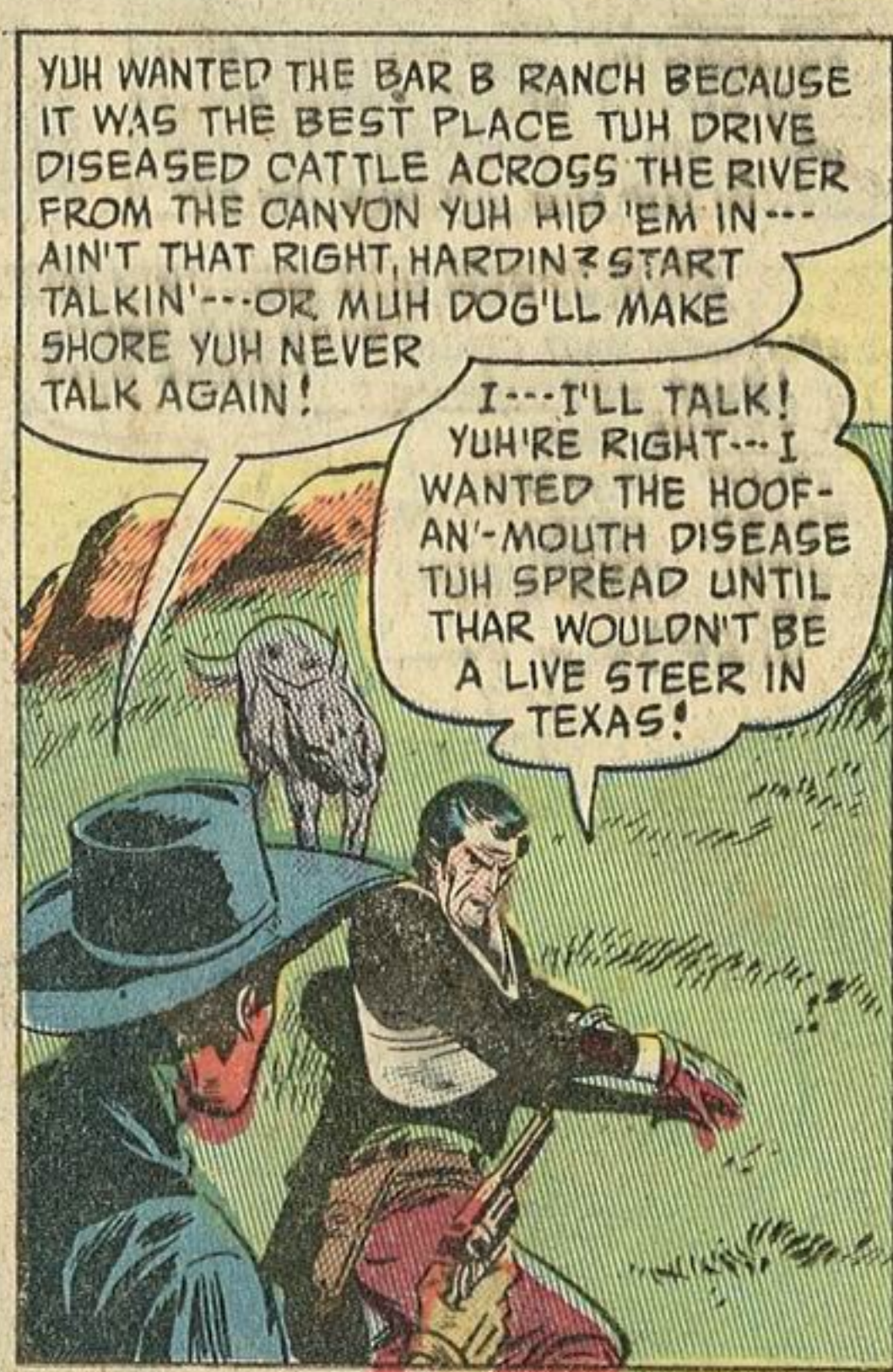
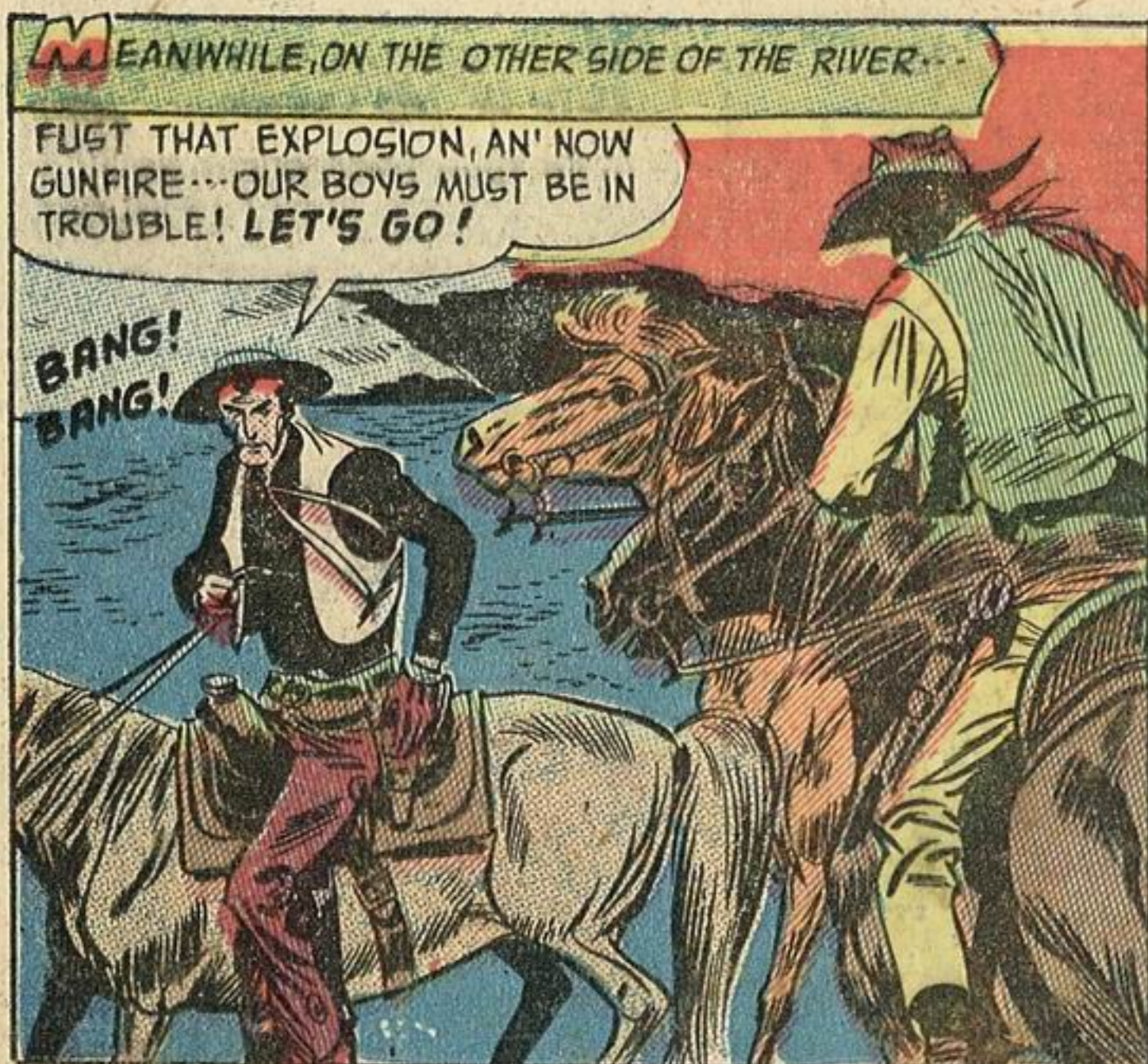
IT'S THE HOODED HORSEMAN!



YAAGHHH!

BANG! BANG!





FAMOUS WESTERN LAWMEN

SHERIFF PAT SUGHRUE WAS ONE OF THE BRAVEST LAWMEN THE WILD WEST EVER KNEW... AND MANY ARE THE TALES ABOUT HIS COURAGE! ONCE, WHEN TWO DODGE CITY GUNMEN WERE ABOUT TO KILL EACH OTHER...



DRAW, BLAST YUH! I'LL GIVE YUH AN EVEN CHANCE BEFORE I KILL YUH!

I'M PULLIN' IRON, ALL RIGHT... BUT I'LL DO THE KILLIN'!

NO ONE'S DOIN' ANY KILLIN'!

PAT COOLLY STEPPED BETWEEN THEM, JUST AS THEY DREW, AND THEIR SHOTS NARROWLY MISSED HIM!



YOU BOYS OUGHTA USE YORE HEADS...



...LIKE THIS!

ARRIVED TOO LATE TO STOP THE KILLING... BUT NOT TOO LATE TO DO HIS DUTY!

YUH'RE ALL UNDER ARREST FER MURDER... AN' I'LL SHOOT DOWN THE FIRST MAN WHO REACHES FER A GUN!

IT... IT'S **PAT SUGHRUE**... AN' HE MEANS WHAT HE SAYS!



THE FEARLESS SHERIFF MARCHED THE ENTIRE MOB TO THE DODGE CITY JAIL... THE GREATEST MASS ARREST THE WEST HAD EVER KNOWN!



NOTHING STOPPED PAT FROM COLLARING A KILLER... EVEN WHEN THE KILLER WAS ARMED AND PAT WASN'T!

IN THAT ENCOUNTER, SHERIFF PAT SUGHRUE'S CHEEK WAS CREASED BY A BULLET... AND FOREVER AFTERWARDS, HE PROUDLY BORE THAT SCAR OF COURAGE!



Russian ROULETTE

THE TWO PROSPECTORS had been arguing for days. At first, soon after they had struck gold in Montana, everything had gone well between them, but as the vein proved immensely rich, they had begun snarling like tigers. There was more than enough to make them both multimillionaires, but each was deathly suspicious of the other, and living together had become impossible. Finally, Blacky Sloan decided to settle matters with Joe Kelly. "Look," he said, "you and me could never be partners. One of us has got to clear out for good."

"Guess so," said Kelly, shaking his head sadly. "Let's take a deck of cards and cut for outright ownership of the mine. The loser can have the gold that's already out. There's enough there for a lifetime."

"No!" said Sloan fiercely. "I'm on to your tricks. If you lost you'd put a bullet in my back some day. The ownership has got to be clear...definite!"

Both men looked at each other narrowly. For several minutes Blacky stroked his stubbly chin. Then a strange light glittered in his eyes. "I've got it!" he yelled. "Russian roulette!" Quickly he took the old revolver from the cupboard, inserted a single cartridge, and twirled the chamber piece nervously. "Listen," he said. "There's *one* shot in this six-shooter, but neither of us knows *which* chamber it's in. We'll decide who owns the mine this way: I'll put the gun to my head and pull the trigger. If the slug comes up, then I'm dead and you own the mine. If not, then you have to take a shot. We'll keep doin' that till one of us gets blasted. But if either of us gets yellow and wants to back down, then the other is the automatic winner and signs over his rights. That way the other won't dare pull any funny business."

Kelly grew very pale. "Okay," he said finally. "If you've got the guts to do this, so do I! We'll cut the cards for who takes the first shot!"

The draw fell to Kelly, who placed the

muzzle of the gun against his temple, breathless with fright. Slowly he pressed the trigger, mumbling a prayer under his breath. He gasped as he heard the click. Quickly he handed the gun to Sloan, who grunted, put it to his head rapidly, and pulled the trigger. Click. The gun went back to Kelly.

The odds were now one in four. Kelly wondered what had ever possessed him to agree to such a mad idea. Nothing was worth the stakes. But Blacky was grinning at him, half triumphantly. Gasping, Kelly pulled the trigger. There was a merciful click. And then, rapidly, Sloan snatched the gun, pulled the trigger, and like the knell of doom, Kelly heard again...click!

Only two chances left now. Even money against the next chamber spelling death. Beads of sweat stood out on Kelly's head as he regarded the gun in his hand with horror. It seemed insane even to contemplate pulling the trigger again. But Blacky grinned and said, "Losing your stomach? Remember, if you throw in the towel, *everything* is mine. That was our agreement!"

As Kelly put the gun to his head, Sloan stopped smiling. "You realize," said Kelly, "that if I pull the trigger and live, then everything is mine? Because then there'll only be *one* shot left, and that would be committing *suicide*!"

"I know it," said Sloan, "but I don't think you've got the nerve!"

Kelly pulled the trigger.

Click.

"I gotta hand it to ya," said Sloan as he finished signing the deed. "I thought you would chicken out before the end."

"I know you did," said Kelly. "And I also knew at the last minute that you don't have the courage you'd been showing. That's why I knew you'd put a *blank* in the chamber."

Kelly fired the revolver again. There was a dull report, and a few powder stains on the table, but nothing more.

"Now, get going," said Kelly. "The fortune is mine...and I've sure earned it!"

INJUN JONES



NOW THAT EVERYTHING'S SET FER THE BIGGEST RUSTLIN' JOB EVER PULLED IN THE SOUTHWEST-- WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE IT EASY FOR A FEW HOURS!

MIGHT'VE BEEN A HEAP SAFER TUH STAY OUT IN THE MESQUITE, GULLY! WHAT'S THE IDEE O' COMIN' HERE?

TODAY, TOURISTS RANGE FROM TRUCHAS PARK WESTWARD TO THE MESAS-- WHERE ONCE THE FIGHTING TRIBES OF THE APACHE NATION HELD A FRONTIER THAT BRISTLED WITH LANCES! SOMETIMES THEY LISTEN, THESE TOURISTS, WHILE THE OLD MEN SPEAK OF A FIGHTER THEIR FATHERS KNEW-- AND IT'S AS IF THE ANCIENT DRUMS ARE SOUNDING AGAIN-- THUDDING OUT THE NAME OF **INJUN JONES!**



I KIN SEE ONE DADBLAMED GOOD REASON RIGHT THAR-- AN' SHE'S A DILLY!

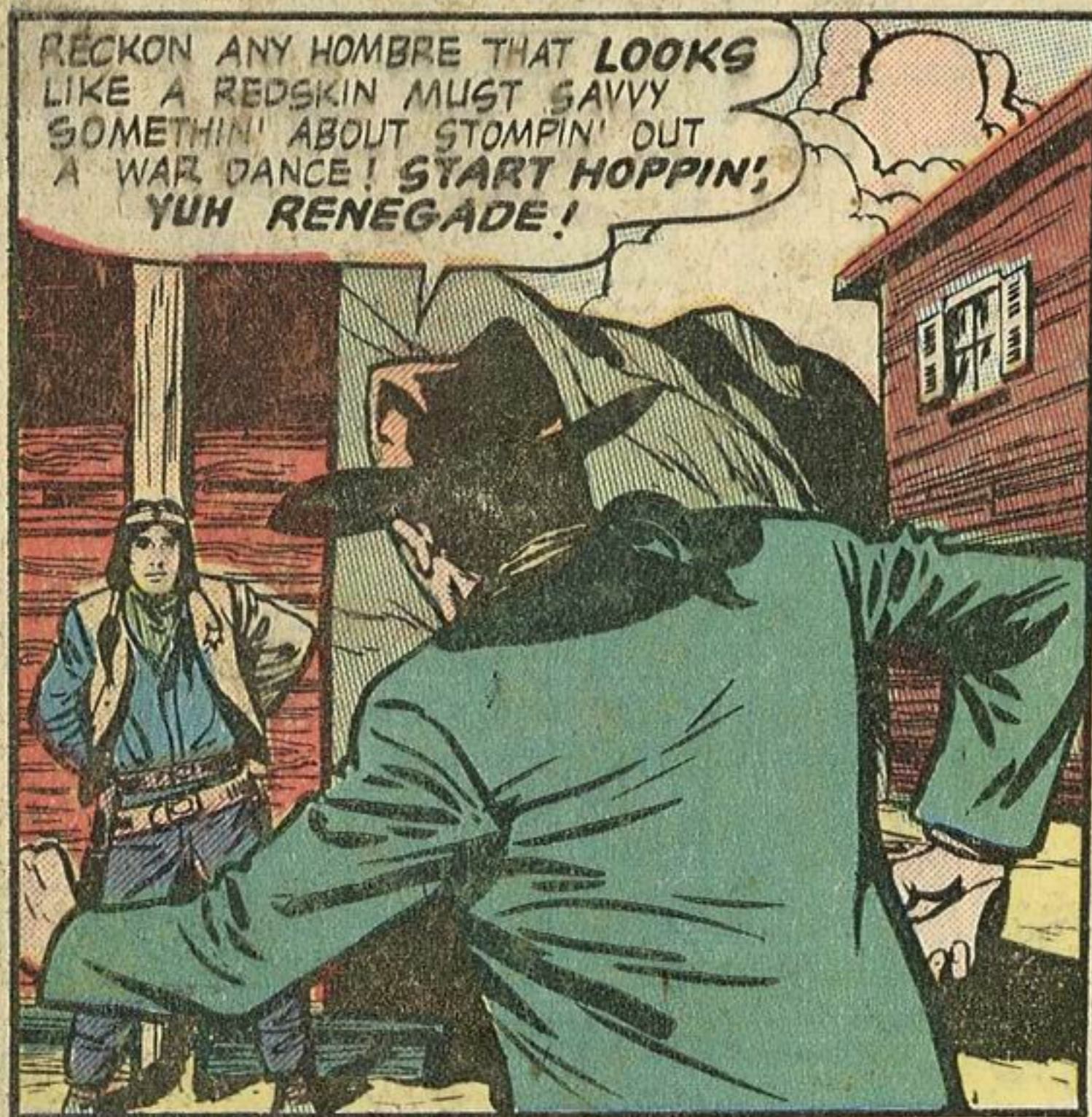
HOWDY, GAL! **GULLY HAWKINS** IS THE NAME-- AN' I FIGGERED YOU'RE HANKERIN' TUH MEET UP WITH THE FIGHTIN'EST GALOOT SOUTH O' THE CIMARRON!

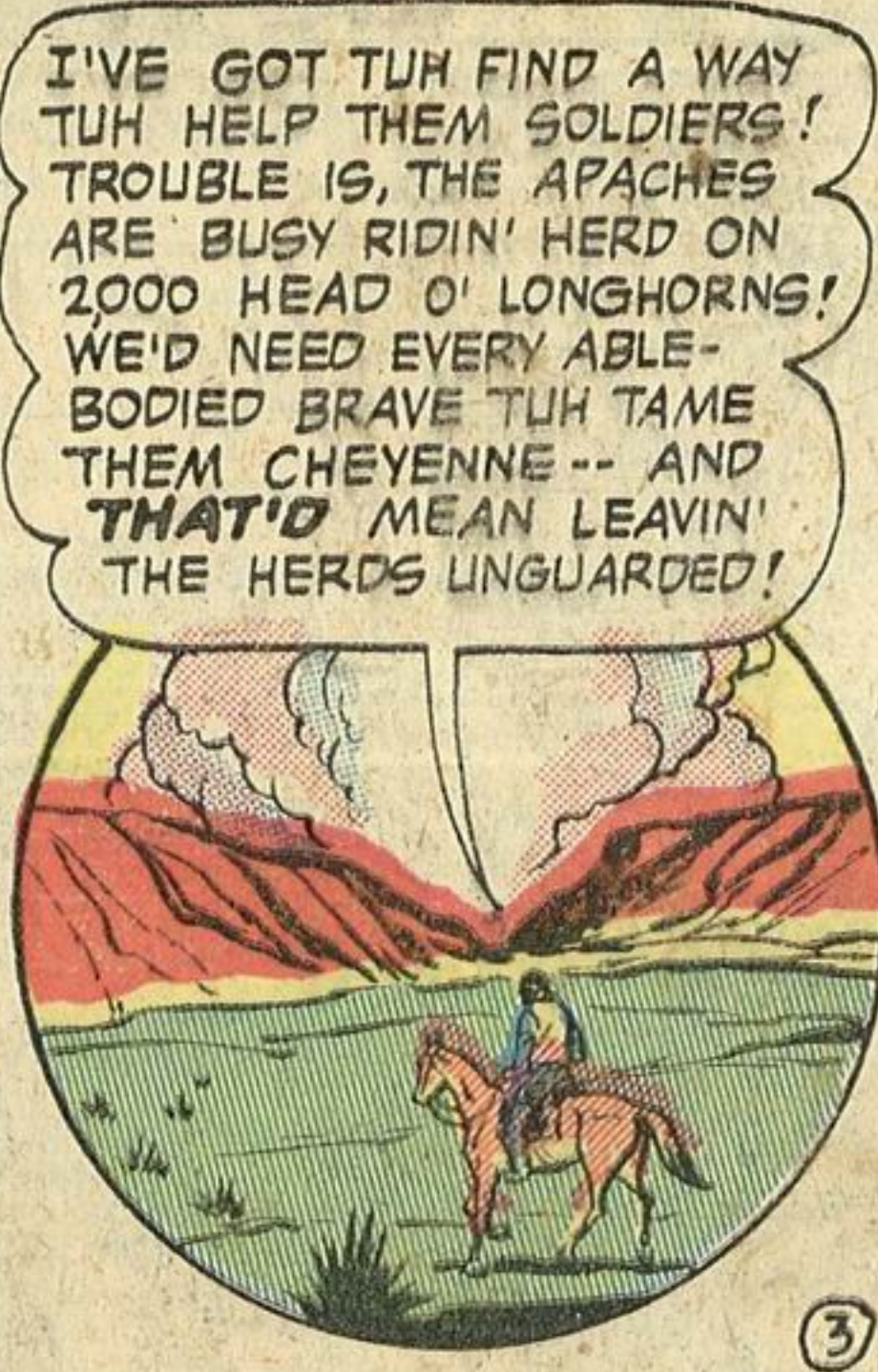
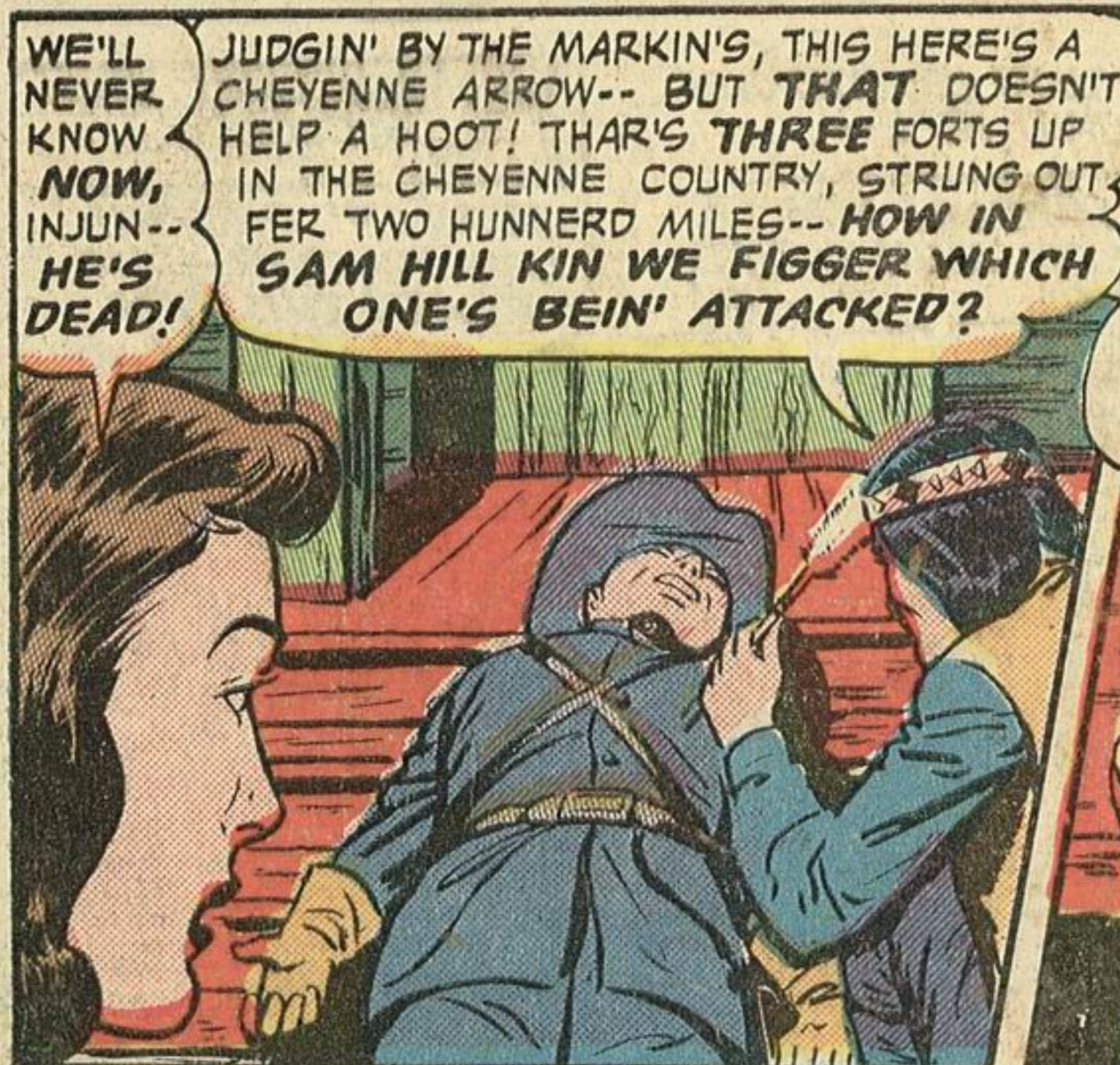
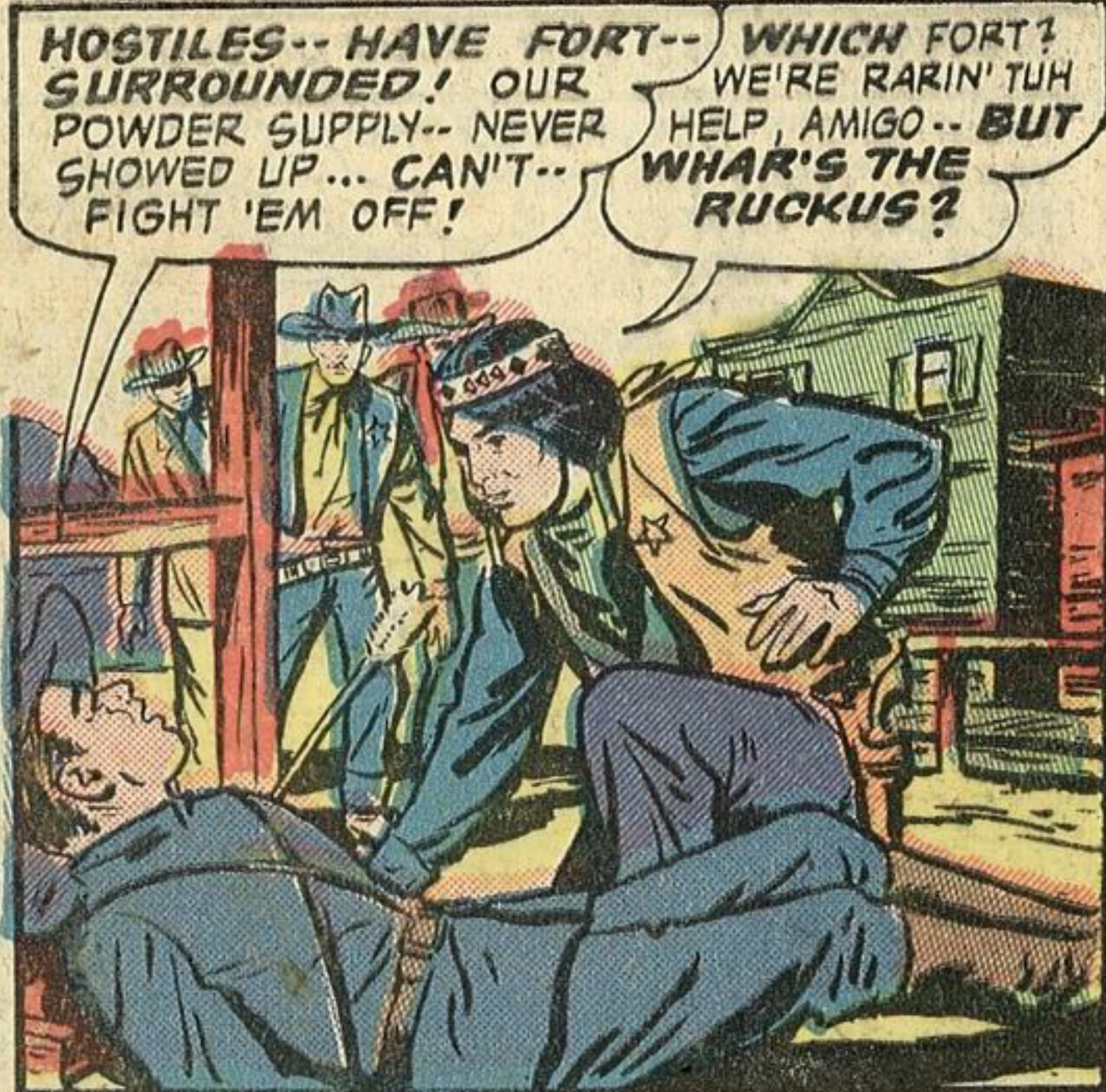
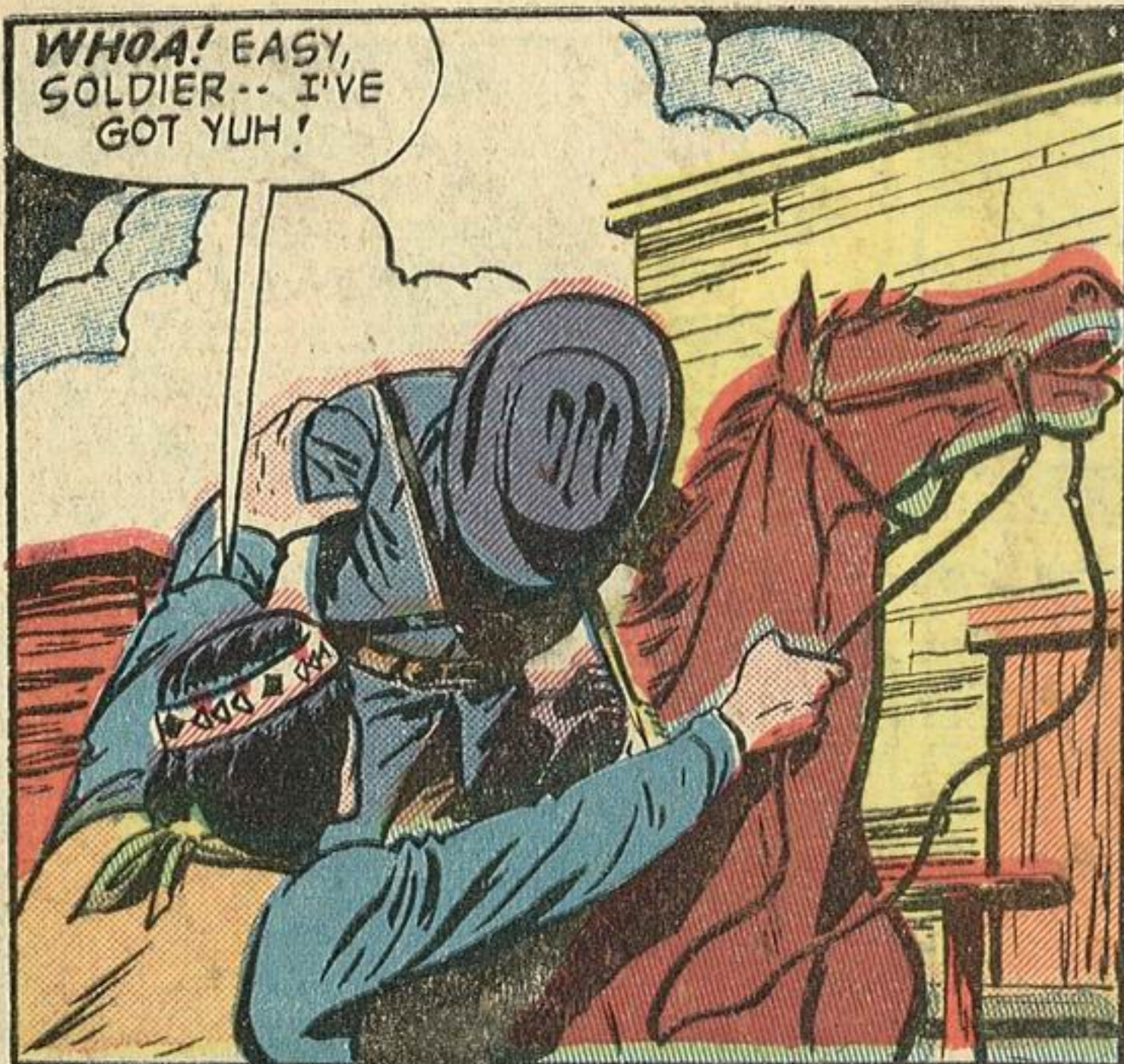
STRANGELY ENOUGH, YOU'RE RIGHT-- BUT **HIS NAME** HAPPENS TO BE **INJUN JONES!**

I DON'T SEE NO BRAND-MARK ON YUH! MEBBE THAT THAR INJUN JONES SHOULD'VE KEPT A SLICK-LOOKIN' HEIFER LIKE **YOU** CORRALED!

LET ME GO!

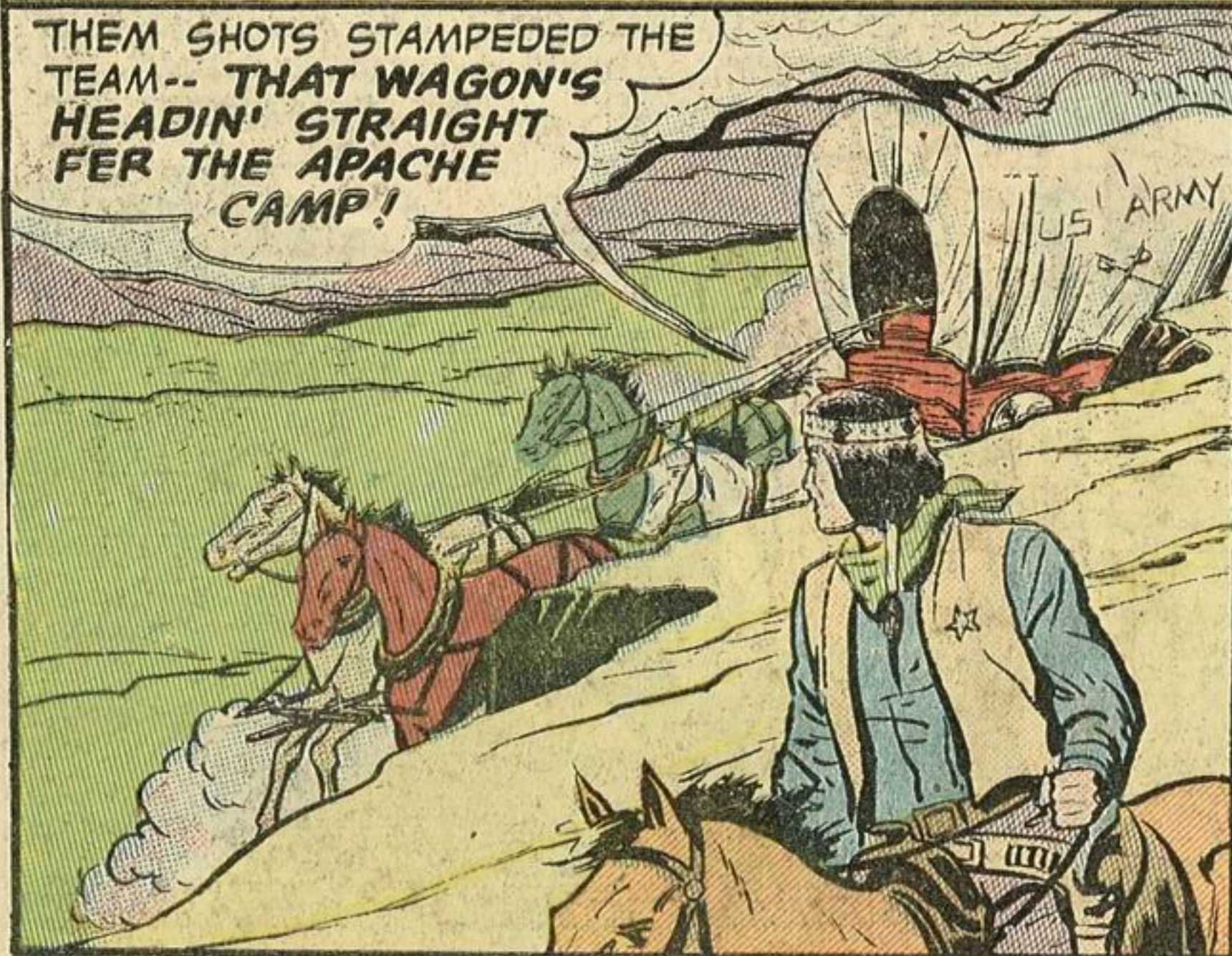
WAK!



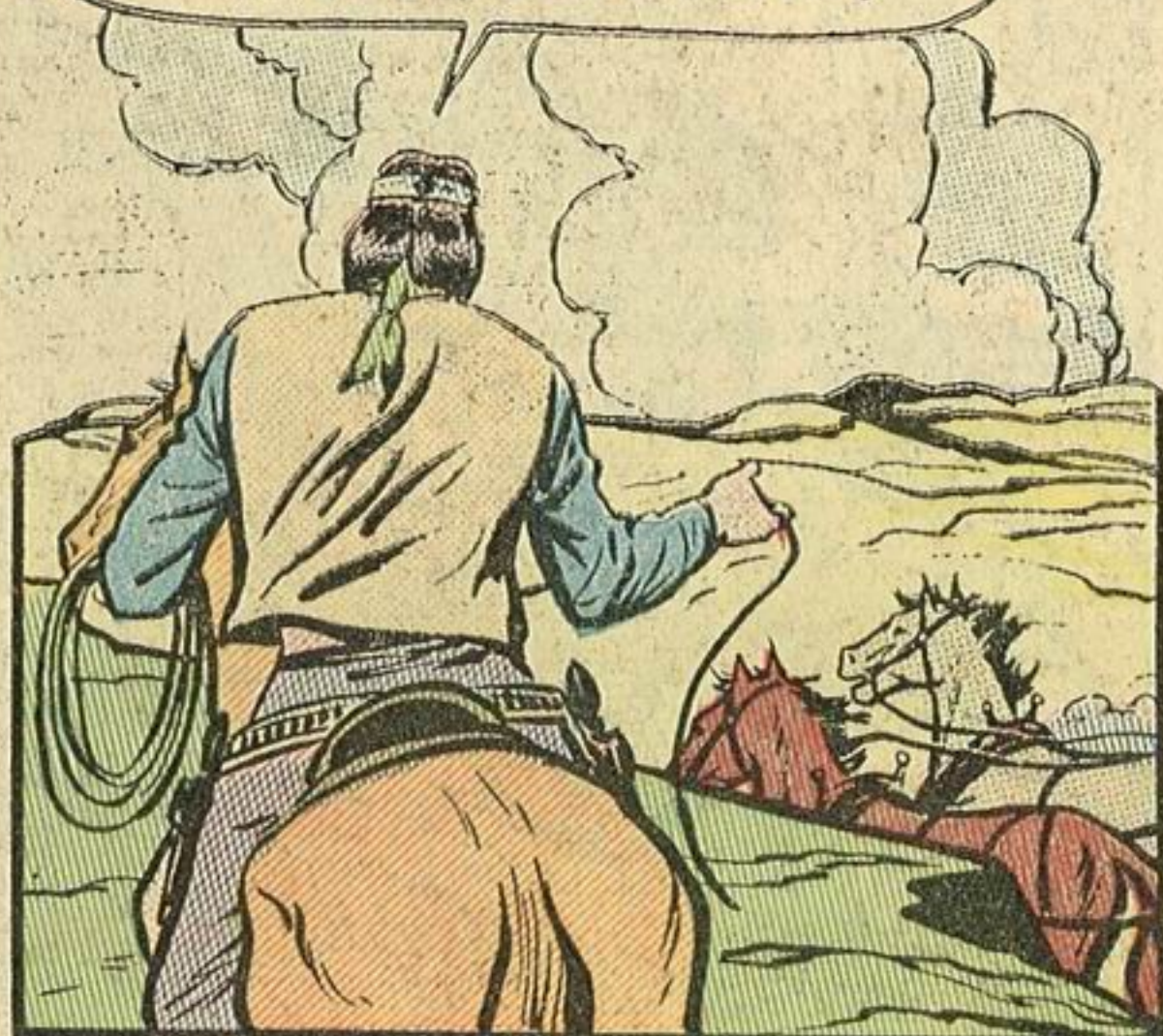


RUMBLING CLOSER IN A CLOUD OF DUST--

THEM SHOTS STAMPEDED THE TEAM-- THAT WAGON'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT FER THE APACHE CAMP!



I'D BE YANKED PLUMB TUH PERDITION IF I TRIED TO ROPE THAT LEAD HOSS! BUT WITH MEBBE A DOZEN SQUAWS AN' SMALL FRY IN THE PATH O' THAT TEAM-- IT'LL HAVE TUH BE STOPPED PRONTO!



THIS'LL BE TRICKY, BRONC -- BUT I'M COUNTIN' ON YUH TUH KEEP MOVIN'!

WITH INJUN'S QUIRT DOUBLED OVER THE TAUT ROPE--

YAHOOO! I'M ON MUH WAY!



AS INJUN LANDS ASTRIDE--

JUMPIN' JIMSON! GUNPOWDER-- AN' READY TUH RIP!

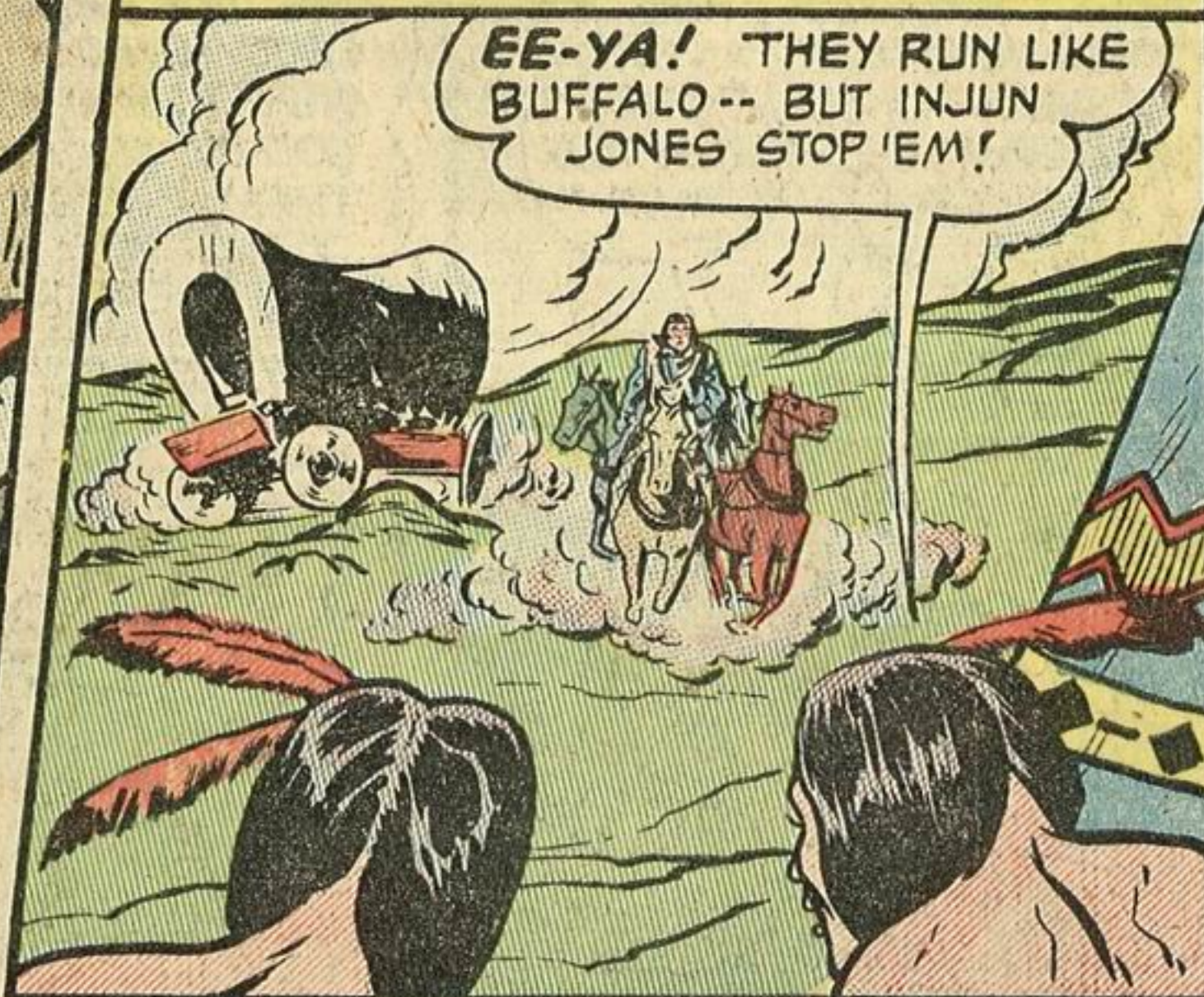


I GOT MEBBE 30 SECONDS-- RED CLOUD'S LODGES ARE JEST AHEAD!



THEN-- AS THE TRACES SNAP UNDER THE SUDDEN STRAIN--

EE-YA! THEY RUN LIKE BUFFALO-- BUT INJUN JONES STOP 'EM!





THAR WAS A TROOPER DIED JEST AFTER HE HIT TOWN-- STOPPED A CHEYENNE ARROW! WE FOUND OUT ONLY THAT THE FORT UNDER ATTACK IS SHORT O' POWDER-- **THEM'S THE KEGS THEY'VE BEEN WAITIN' FER-- MARKED FORT GALLUP!**

THAR'S NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN YUH APACHES AN' THE CAVALRY-- BUT I RECKON YUH KIN NAME YORE **REAL ENEMIES!**

THE CHEYENNE! I WATCHED THE BLACK-HEARTED DOGS TAKE MY FATHER'S SCALP, DAY OF MY FIRST BATTLE-- MY BLOOD HAS REMEMBERED-- **WE WILL RIDE!**

WITH TWO HUNDRED BRAVES HOWLING THE DEATH CHANT--

BY DAWN, THE CHEYENNE WILL KNOW OUR LANCES-- **TO THE NORTH, APACHES!** I'LL MEET UP WITH YUH AT PANAMINT PASS! RIGHT NOW-- **I'VE GOT AN IDEE ABOUT A CERTAIN VARMINT NAMED GULLY HAW-KINS!**



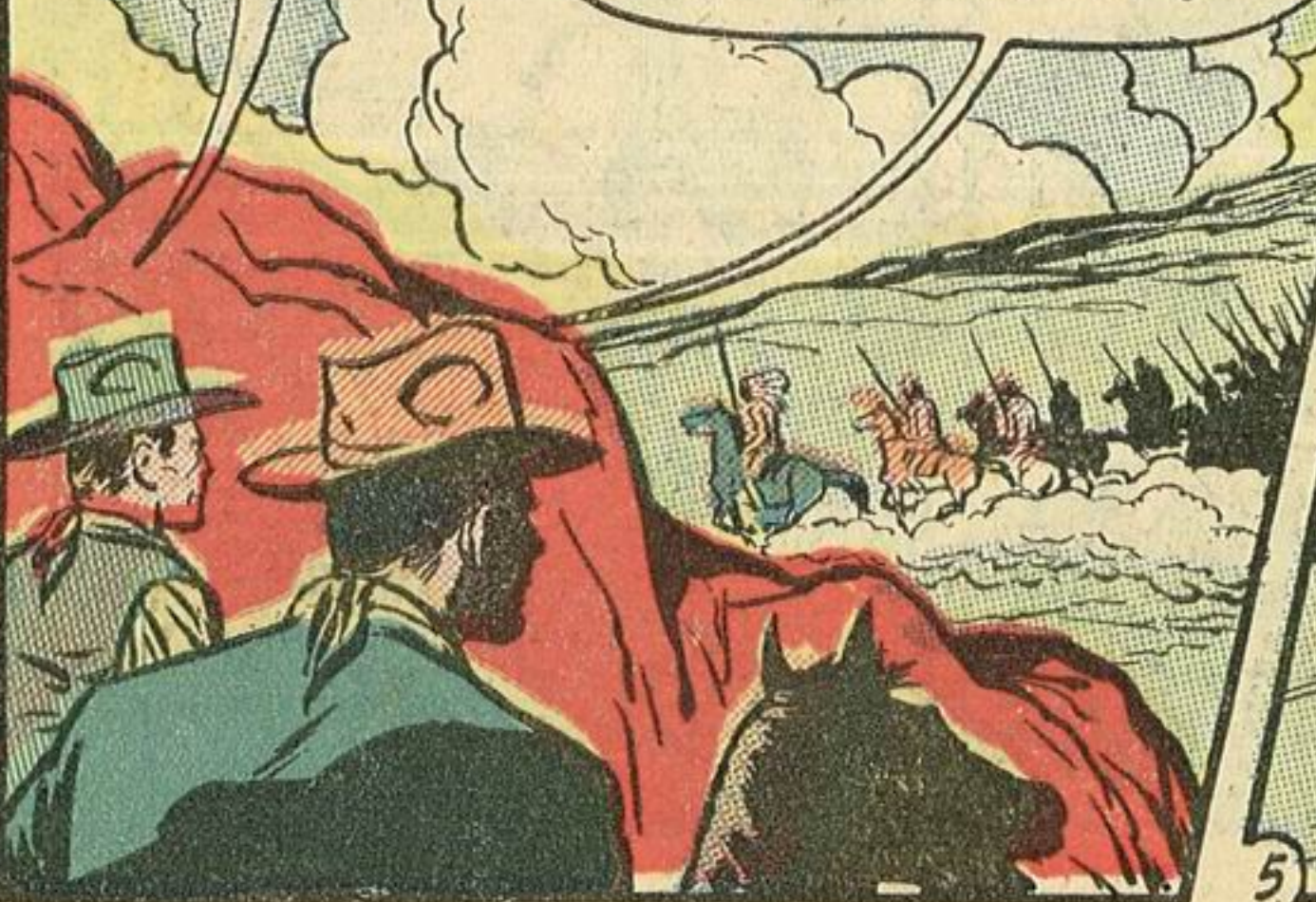
SOON AFTERWARD-- THAR THEY GO, GULLY-- THE WHOLE APACHE SHEBANG WHOOPIN' OUT ON THE PROD!

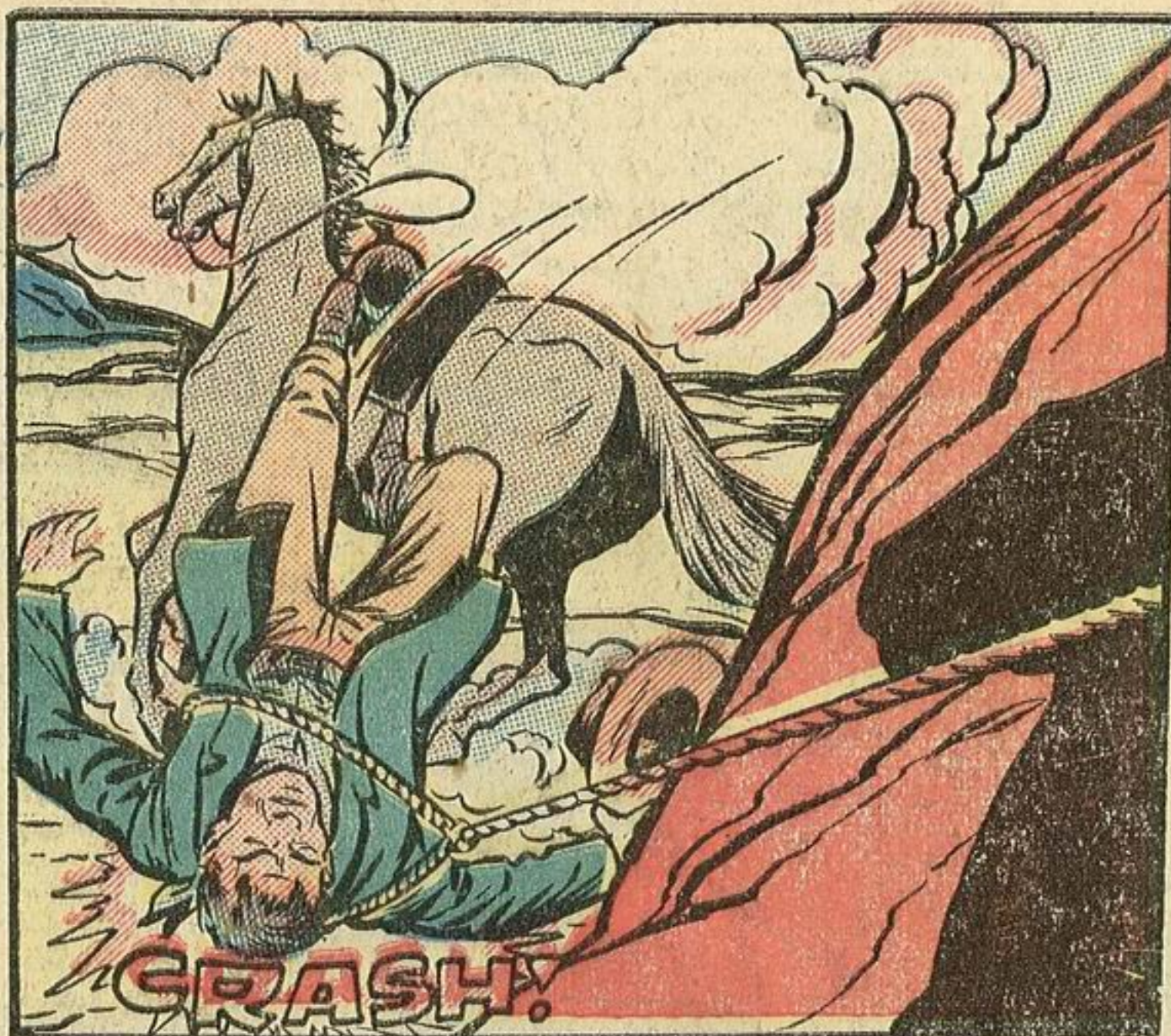
YEP-- I FIGGERED THAT EXPLODIN' GUNPOWDER WOULD GIT 'EM RILED! THEY'LL BE LIFTIN' A HEAP O' PALEFACE HAIR BEFORE THEY TURN BACK-- AN MEANWHILE-- **WE'LL BE RUSTLIN' OFF THEM TWO THOUSAND HEAD O' LONGHORNS!**

AS THE GIGANTIC RUSTLING OPERATION GETS UNDER WAY--

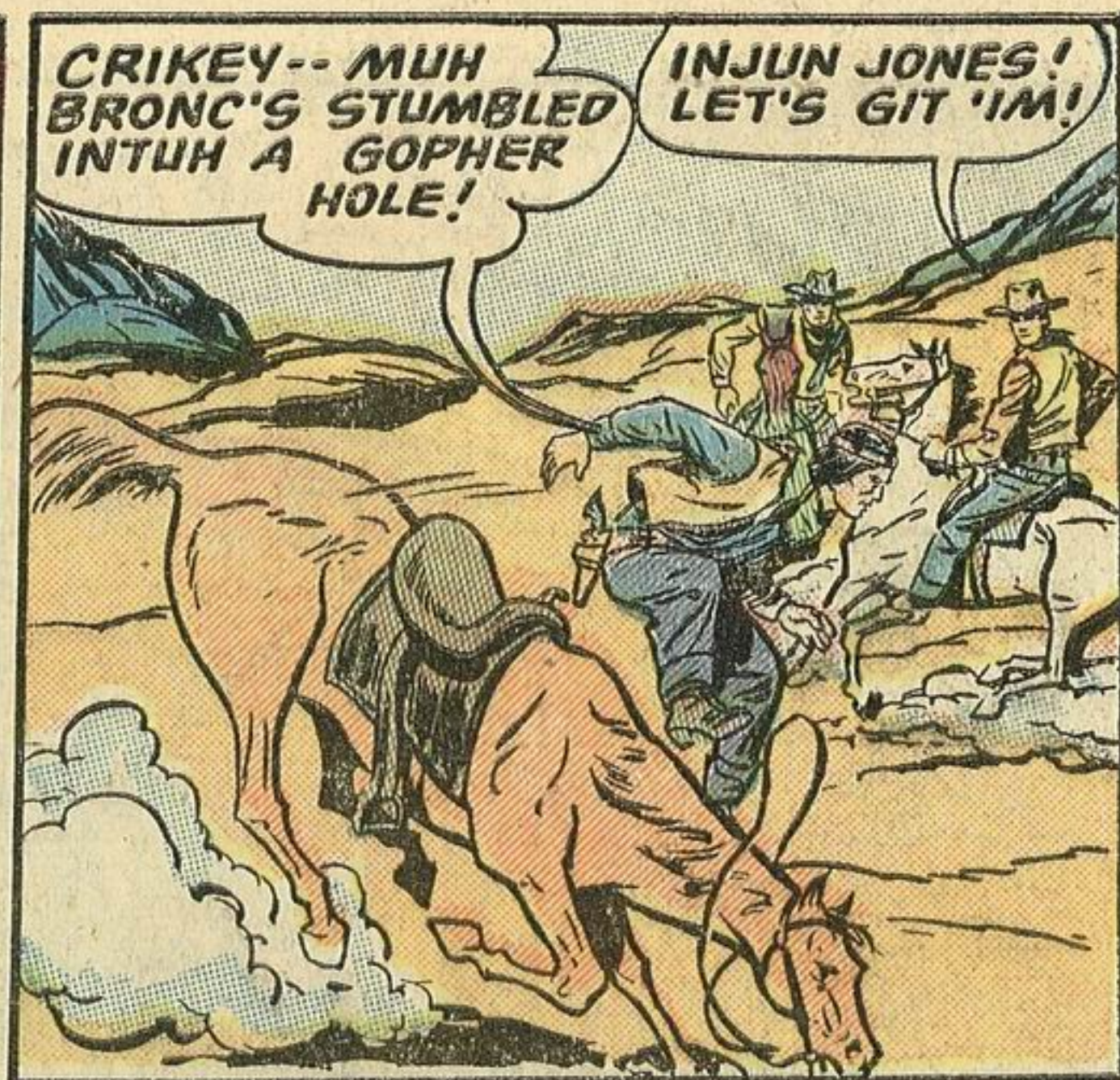
YAAHOOO! GIT ROLLIN', DOGGIES-- WE'RE MAKIN' TRACKS!

THOUGHT I'D FIND HIM HERE! I AIM TUH USE A ROPE ON THAT BUZZARD-- JEST TUH GIVE HIM AN IDEE O' WHAT'S COMIN' AFTER HE GITS TRIED FER **MURDER!**



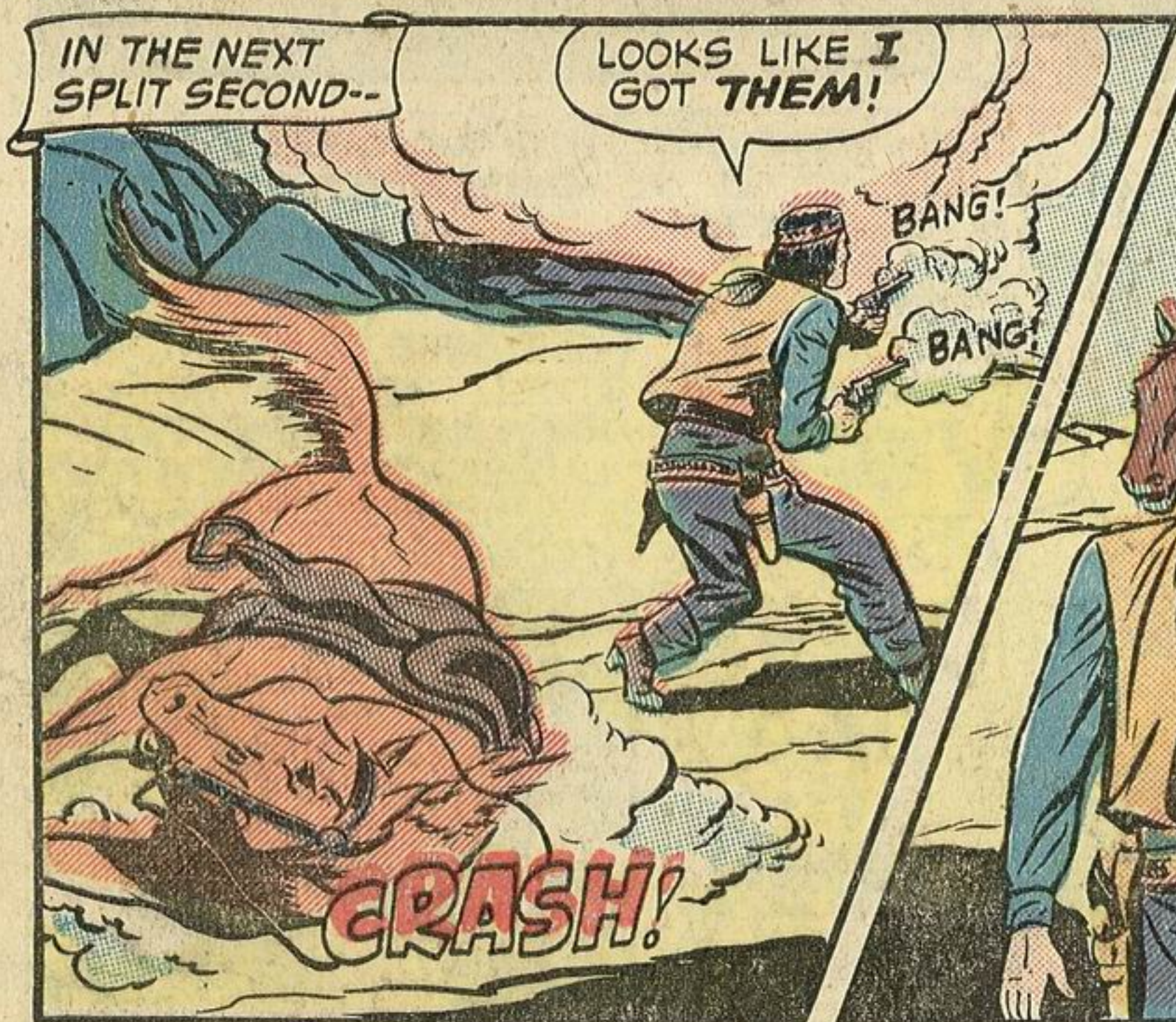


CRASH!



CRIKEY-- MUH
BRONC'S STUMBLERD
INTUH A GOPHER
HOLE!

INJUN JONES!
LET'S GIT 'IM!



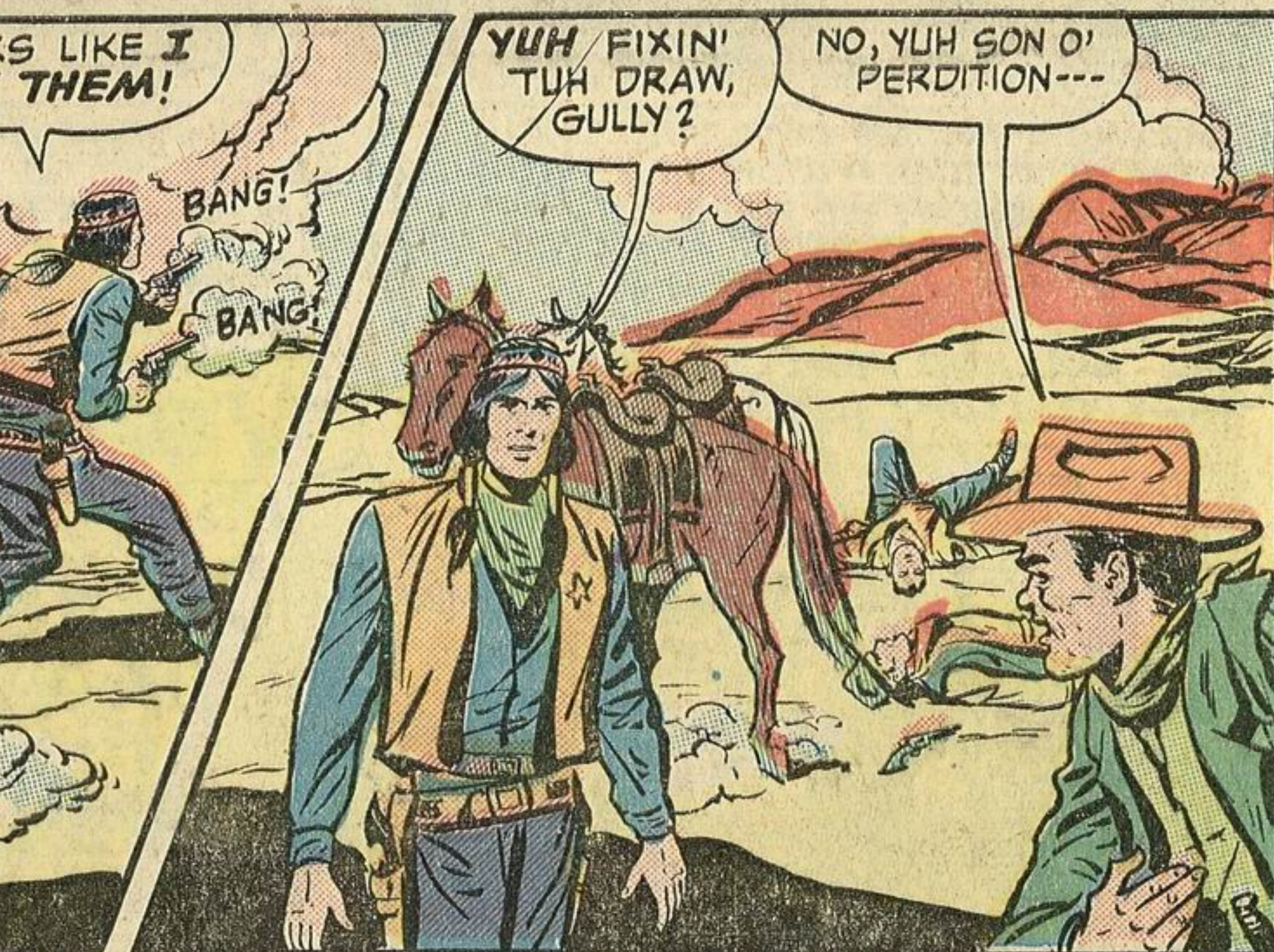
IN THE NEXT
SPLIT SECOND--

LOOKS LIKE I
GOT **THEM!**

BANG!

BANG!

CRASH!



YUH FIXIN'
TUH DRAW,
GULLY?

NO, YUH SON O'
PERDITION---



-- I'M IN A MOOD
TUH **CARVE!**



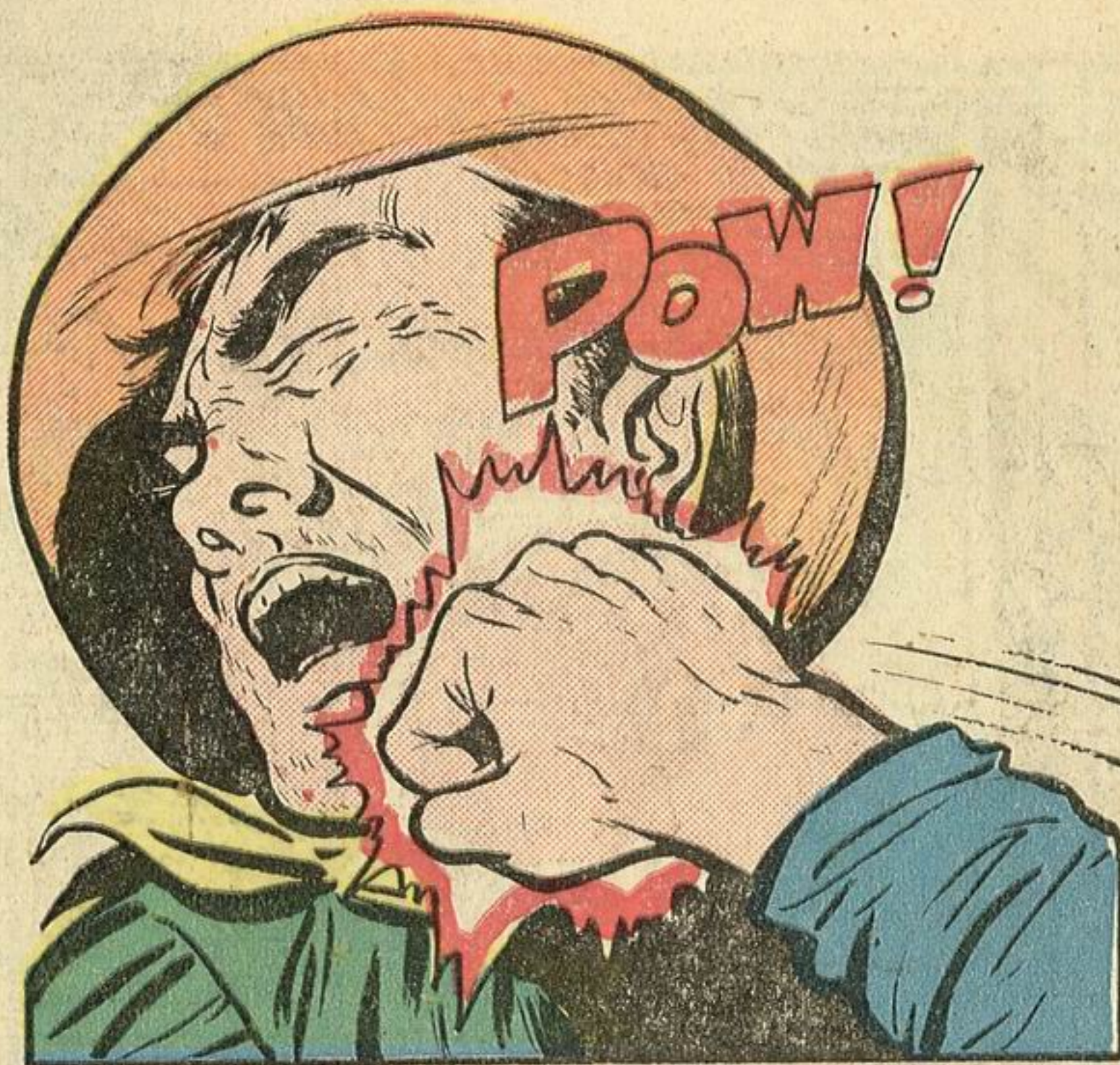
OOF!

THEN-- LEAPING TO THEIR FEET
LIKE COUGARS LOCKED IN A
DEATH MATCH--



COME TUH THINK OF IT-- MEBBE
IT'LL BE BETTER TUH LAMBASTE
THE TAR OUT OF YUH!

BAM!



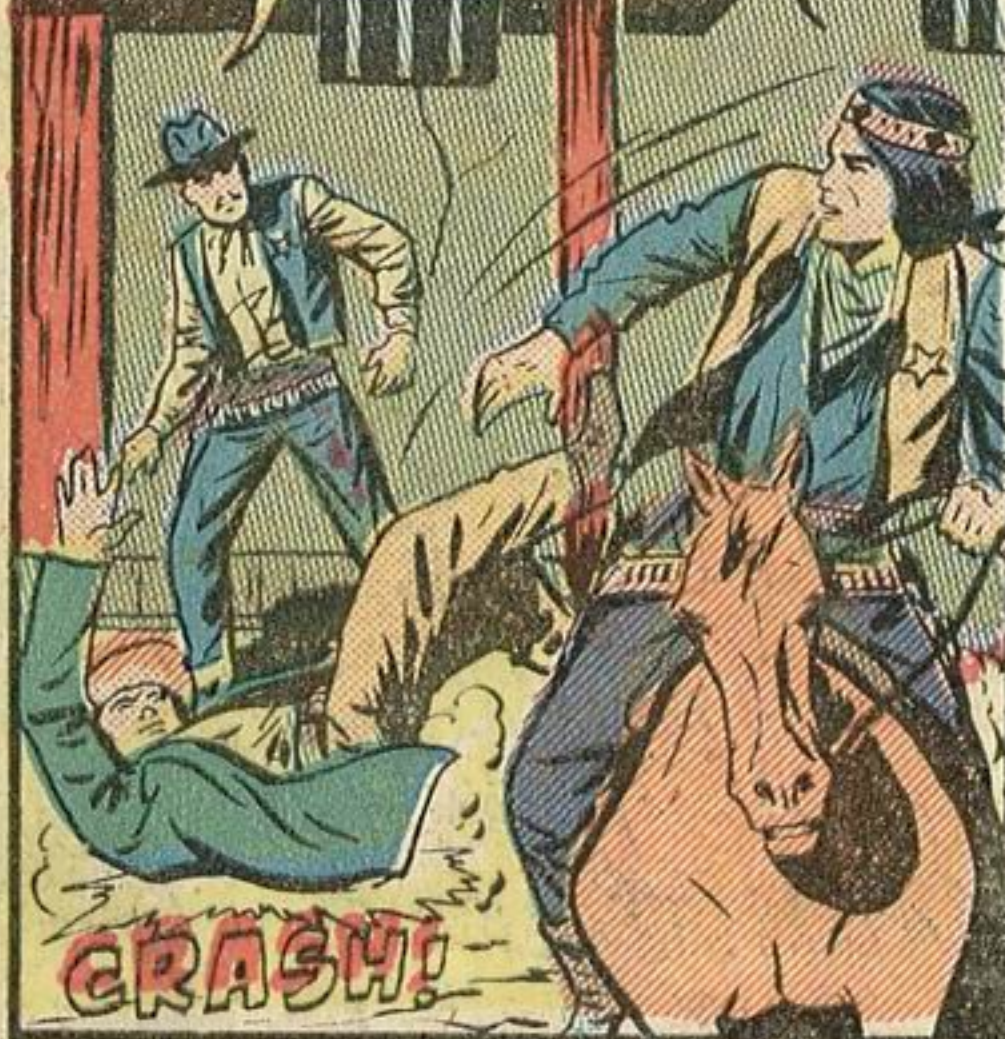
GIT MOVIN'! THE SHERIFF'S GONNA TAKE A POWERFUL INTEREST IN HOW MANY SOLDIERS YUH AND YORE SIDEWINDERS AMBUSHED-- TUH GIT THAT WAGON-LOAD O' GUNPOWDER!



A HALF-HOUR LATER--

INJUN-- SLOW DOWN! WHAT IN TUNKET YUH AFTER?

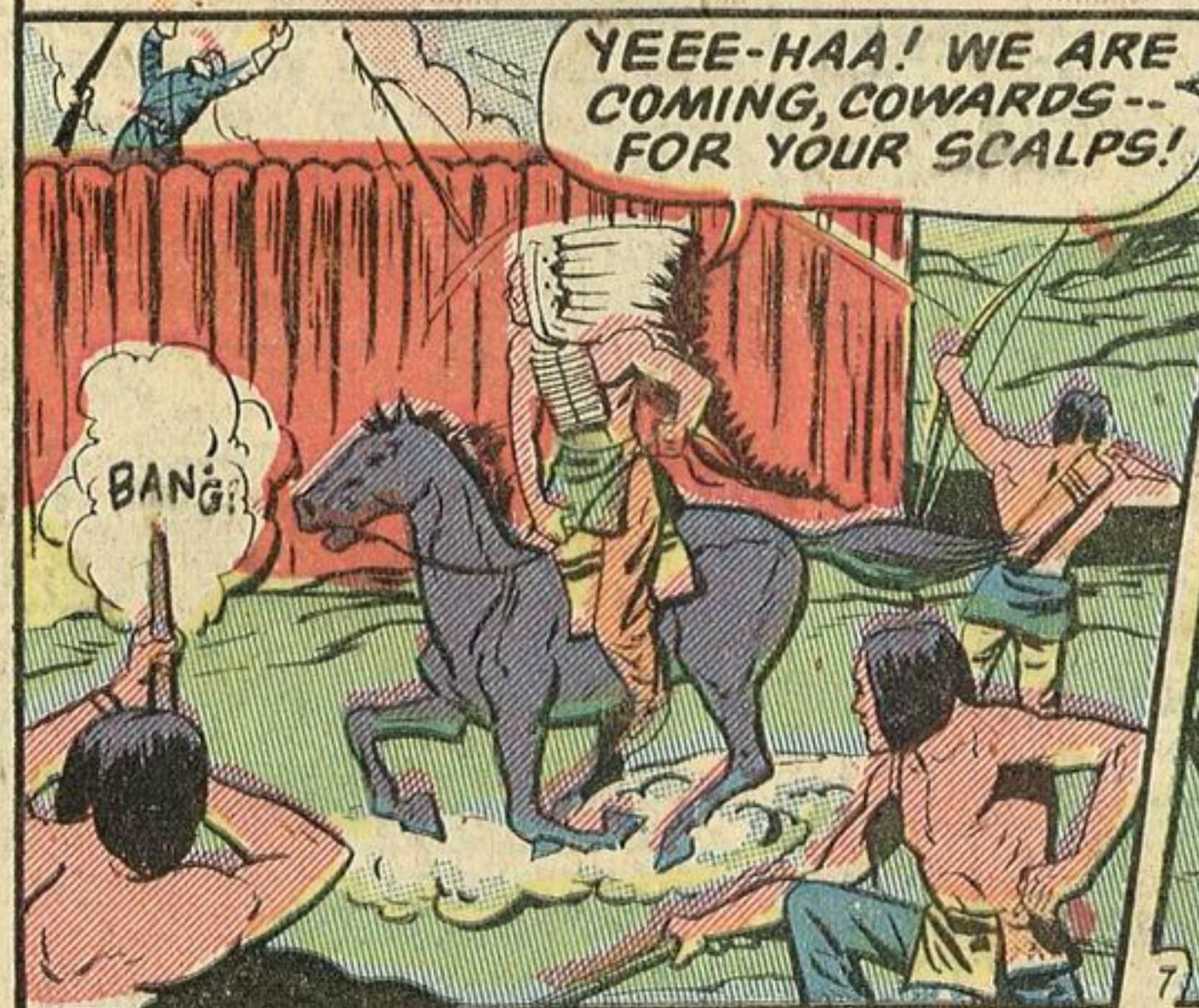
CHEYENNE!



NOW FER PANAMINT PASS -- AN' FORT GALLUP!



NEXT MORNING-- AS THE CHEYENNE TIGHTEN THEIR RING AROUND THE OUTPOST --



FROM THE DISTANCE-- RISING AND FALLING LIKE THE CRY OF A HUNTING HAWK --

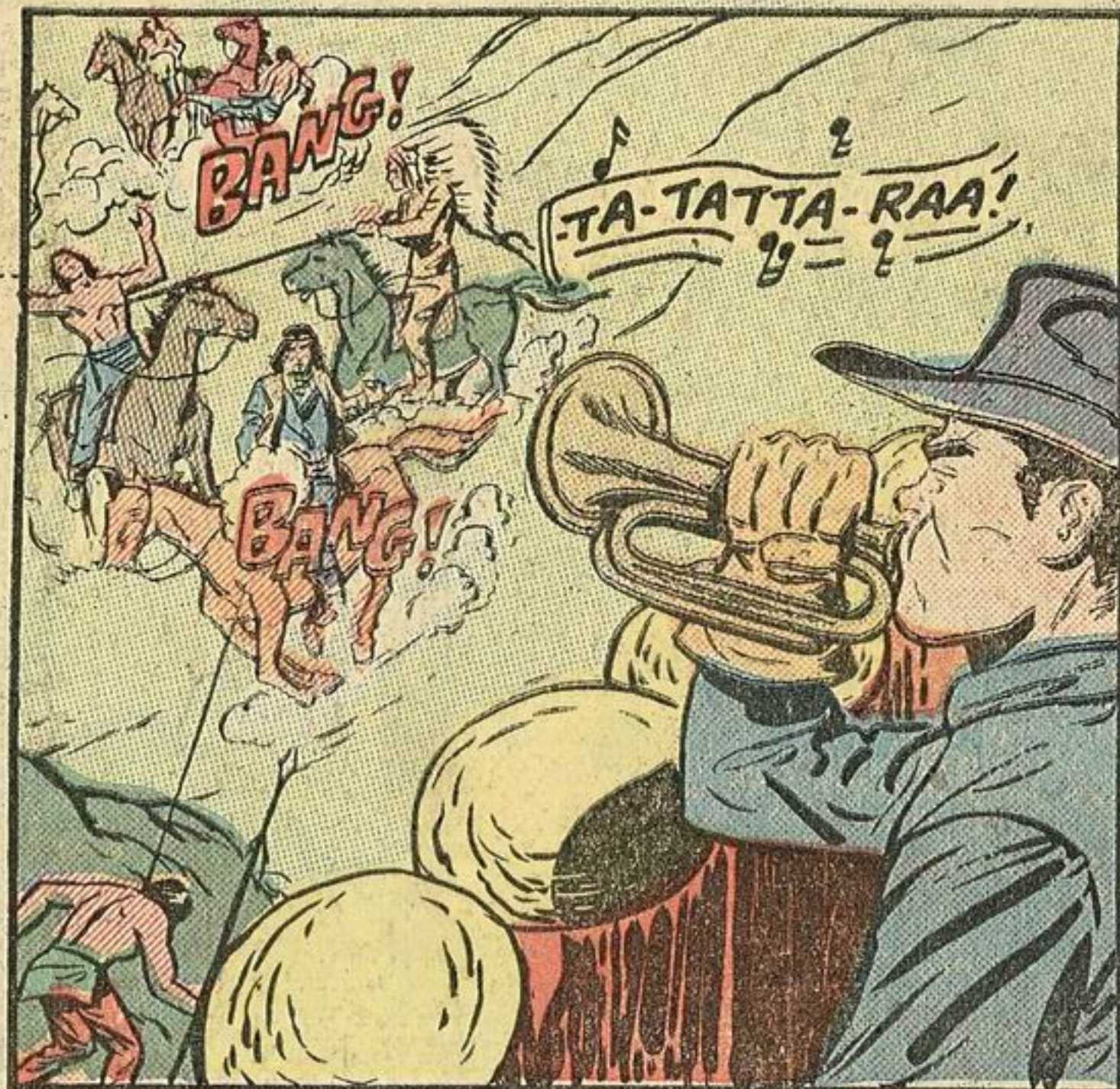
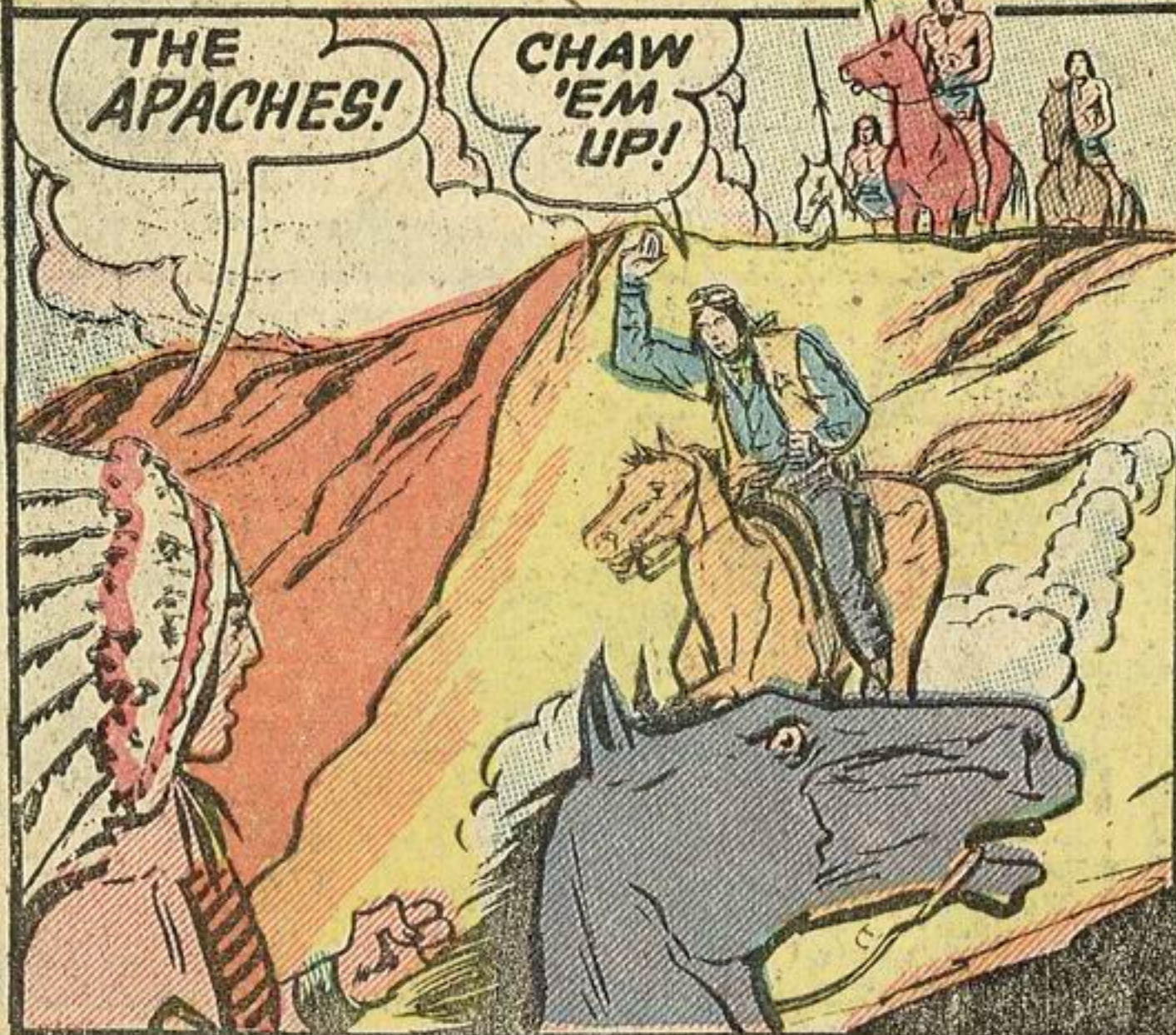
KEEEE-HO0000!

HEAR THAT, MEN? THE DEVILS ARE BEING REINFORCED-- SAVE YOUR LAST ROUNDS FOR THEIR CHARGE!

I COULD BE WRONG, CAPTAIN-- BUT THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A CHEYENNE YELL TO ME!



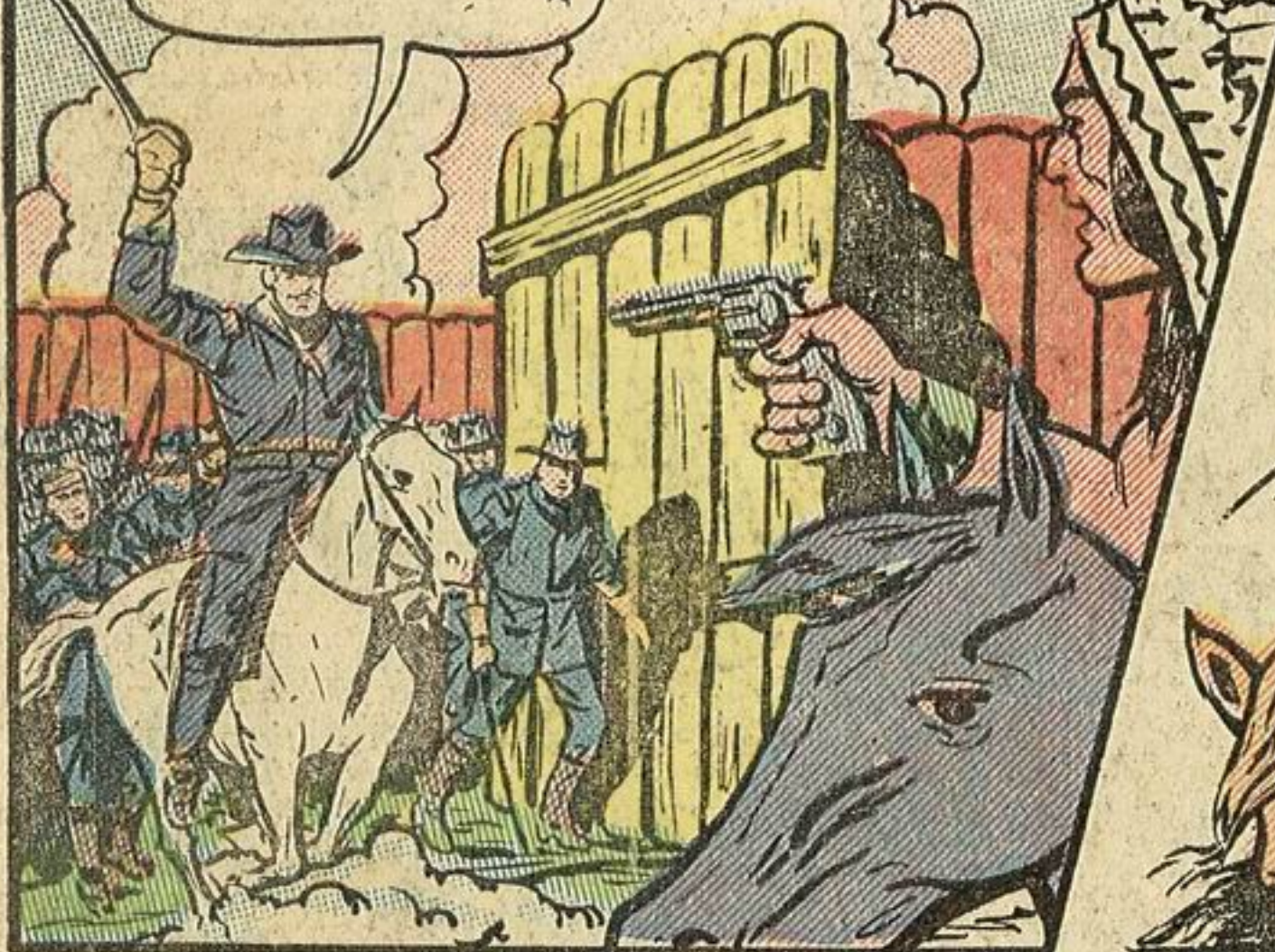
TOO LATE--THE CHEYENNE CHIEF RECOGNIZES THE HIGH-PITCHED CHALLENGE--



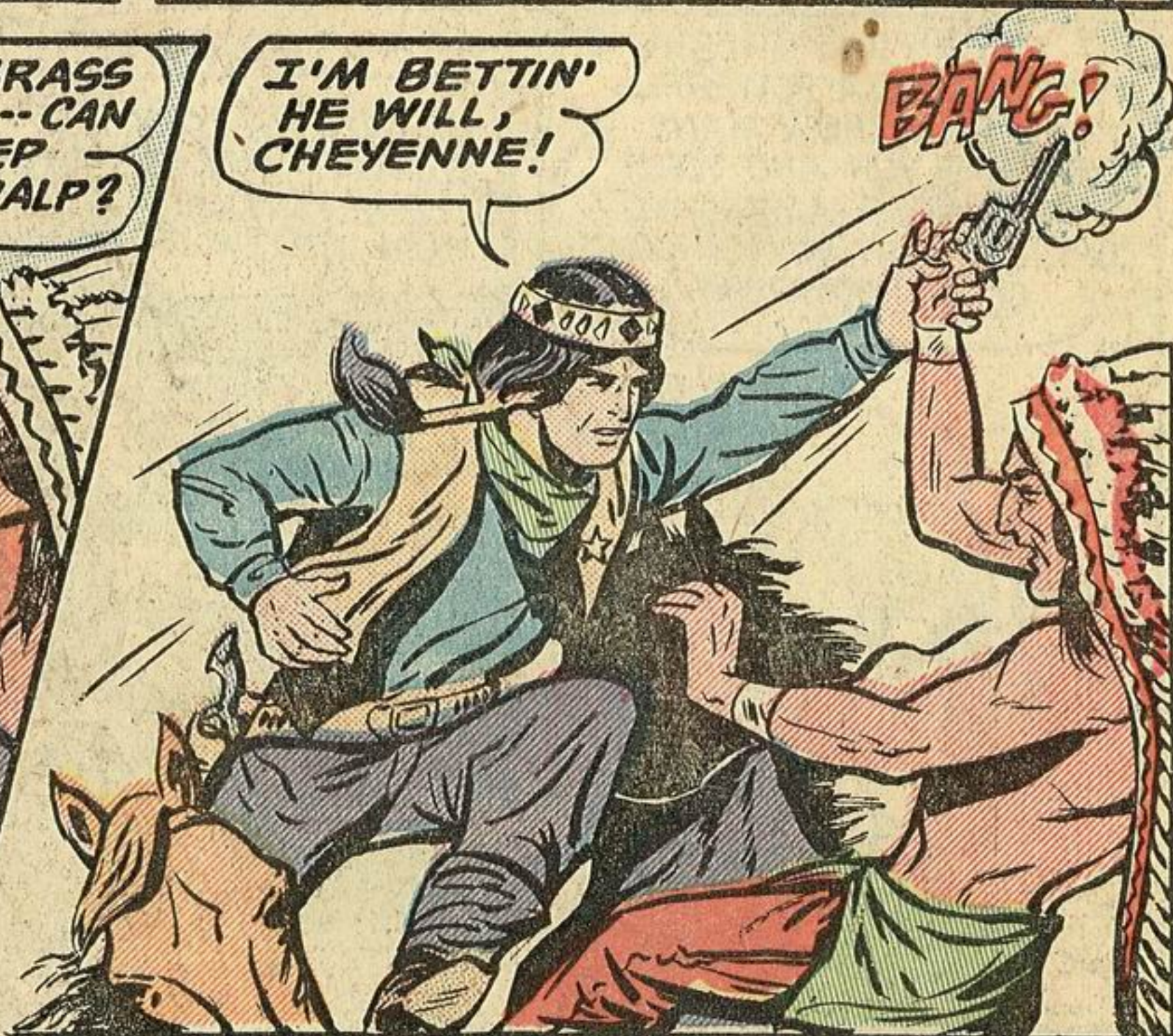
AS THE GATES SWING OPEN--

LOOK HARD, REDSKINS-- HERE'S WHAT WE'VE GOT LEFT-- CAN YOU TAKE A CHARGE?

AH-HO, BRASS BUTTONS-- CAN YOU KEEP YOUR SCALP?



I'M BETTIN' HE WILL, CHEYENNE!



SPEAK OF SCALPS TO ME, CHEYENNE-- RED CLOUD-- WHO HAS ONE TO AVENGE!



AS THE DEMORALIZED CHEYENNE FALL BACK--

WHEN AN APACHE WAR BOW BENDS -- IT IS TOO LATE TO RUN!



LATER--

I'M NOT GOING TO TRY TO THANK YOU, INJUN JONES-- OR YOU, RED CLOUD! BUT FOR THE REGIMENT-- I SALUTE YOU BOTH!

THANKS, CAPTAIN! WE'LL ALWAYS BE GLAD TUH FIGHT ON YORE SIDE-- JUST AS LONG AS YUH DON'T COME TRAIPSIN' DOWN INTUH APACHE COUNTRY!



KEEE-HOO! LISTEN FOR THE APACHE YELL--WHEN INJUN JONES TAKES THE WARPATH IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE END

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